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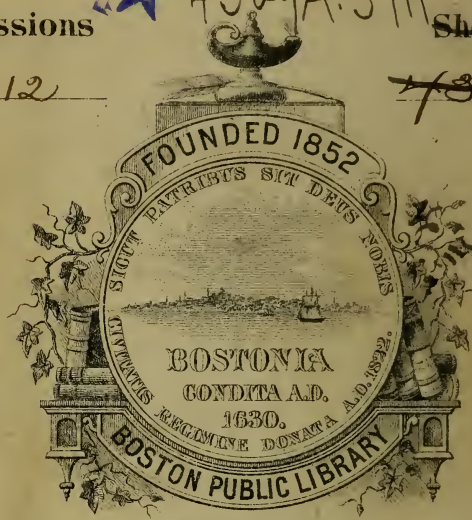
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NARRATIVE

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from Joseph Willard

THE CAPTIVITY AND REMOVES

OF

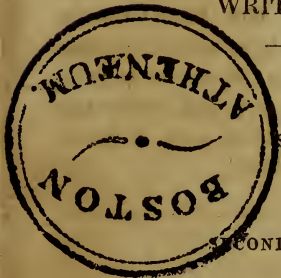
MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON,

WHO WAS TAKEN BY THE INDIANS AT THE DESTRUCTION
OF LANCASTER, IN 1676.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

SIXTH EDITION.

SECOND LANCASTER EDITION.



LANCASTER :

PUBLISHED BY CARTER, ANDREWS, AND CO.

1828.

and desolation. No town, probably, suffered more in the border wars.

Lancaster early attracted the notice of the colonists. It was settled earlier than any town, even at a much greater distance from the coast, except Springfield. "In 1643," says Winthrop, "others of the same town, [Watertown] began also a plantation at Nashaway, some fifteen miles north-west of Sudbury." At this time Sholan, an Indian of mild and pacific character, was sachem of the Nashaway tribe, who lived chiefly in what are now the towns of Lancaster and Sterling. Sholan, when at Watertown, recommended this valley to Thomas King as a favourable spot for a plantation. The same year King united with John Prescott, Harmon Garrett, Thomas Skidmore, Stephen Day, (the father of American typography) Mr. Symonds, and others, and purchased a tract of land ten miles in length and eight in breadth, covenanting not to molest the Indians in their hunting, fishing, or planting places. King and Symonds, who never lived here, built a trading house,* which was the first building in town. The other original proprietors were men of but little education, and not well qualified to begin a plantation; the work, therefore, went on quite slowly. Indeed, in two years there were scarcely so many houses built. In 1647 a new effort was made with some success. But planters generally, it may be supposed, were unwilling to move so far out of the circle of other settlements, away from all resources and supports in the hour of danger. In 1653, there were nine families in the place, and the General

* The Court of Assistants, Sept. 28, 1630, ordered "that no person give, sell, or truck any Indian corn to any Indian without licence from the governour and assistants." June 5, 1632, ordered that "there shall be a trucking house in every plantation, whither the Indians may resort to trade; to avoid their coming to several houses."

Court granted them the liberty of a township in part, to be called Lancaster, and to be in the county of Middlesex. Six of the inhabitants, Edward Breck, Nathaniel Hadlock, William Kerley, Thomas Sawyer, John Prescott, and Ralph Houghton, were appointed to manage the "prudential affairs" of the town. The town was to be laid out in the proportion to eight miles square. The Committee made the first division of lands the same year, between the two branches of the Nashaway to the west, and to the east on what is called the Neck, lying between the north branch of the river and the principal stream. Before the close of 1654, forty-seven persons had subscribed the various articles of agreement composing the town covenant. In 1654, full power was transferred to the town to manage its own civil concerns; but, difficulties occurring, the inhabitants petitioned the General Court for aid: and in 1657 three commissioners (Major Simon Willard of the Council, from Concord, Edward Johnson, of Woburn, and Thomas Danforth, of Cambridge, all distinguished men in our colonial history) were appointed to manage the affairs of the town. They continued in office till 1665, when the town possessed sufficient strength, and a competent number of freemen, to take charge of, and direct, the municipal business of the corporation. In 1654, John Prescott completed a grist-mill, and a few years after, a saw-mill. These are mentioned, because mills at that time were very scarce, and were of vast consequence. People were in the habit of coming from Sudbury to Prescott's grist-mill. The town was first surveyed in 1659. It was laid out, in fact, ten miles in length from N. N. E. to S. S. W.; the north line eight, and the south six and a half, miles in breadth. There were no bridges in town till 1659, when one was built at the *wading place*, near what are now Carter's mills, on the south branch of the river, and a second near the re-

sidence of the late Judge Sprague. At this day the town supports seven bridges over the Nashaway, and another in connexion with Harvard. A highway to Sudbury was laid out in 1653, and one to Concord in 1656.

From the first settlement of the town for more than twenty years the inhabitants, it is said, remained in perfect peace and harmony with the tribe of the Nashaways, whose chief settlement was on the borders of the Washacum. The population of Lancaster at this time probably exceeded two hundred persons. The place was becoming a favourite resort for the planter, induced to take up his residence here by the richness of the soil, and the excellent hunting and fishing grounds. Nature had been bountiful in developing her resources, and aiding the efforts of the planter. Sholan, through life, was in habits of strict friendship with the inhabitants, and his nephew and successor, Matthew, inherited the uncle's character and disposition.

After the death of Matthew, Shoshanim became chief sachem of the tribe. He possessed a bad heart :

“ his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.”

For some cause he felt hostile to the English : whether this arose from the alleged malignity of his character, or from the feeling that inspired the master-spirit Metacomet, that a determined effort was necessary to stay the progress of the English, and drive them from their recently acquired possessions, cannot be ascertained. Shoshanim, from his situation as chief sachem, could easily infuse his spirit and prejudices into the tribe. The Nashaways had aforetime been a great people ; but a succession of wars with the Maquas, the terrour of the northern Indians, and with other tribes, had reduced their numbers : and the *strong waters* of the white man were fast destroying the remnant that war

had spared. It is a safe estimate that there were not more than one hundred and fifty men, women, and children belonging to the tribe in 1674. The Nashaways had never been visited by the apostle Eliot, or by Gookin. It is not known that efforts were made by Mr. Rowlandson, or any of the inhabitants, to instruct the natives. Probably had any been made, history or tradition would have preserved the relation of them. There was a repugnance against the red men to be overcome, a knowledge of their language to be acquired, toils and sufferings to be encountered, and all these required the firm, undeviating faith, the patience and perseverance of Eliot.

At this period Rev. Joseph Rowlandson was the clergyman of the town. He was the son of Thomas Rowlandson, who was made free May 2, 1638, and died in Lancaster Nov. 17, 1657. Mr. Joseph Rowlandson was probably born in England. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1652, and was the only graduate of that year. After pursuing the study of theology, probably about two years, he came to Lancaster to preach. This was in the summer or fall of 1654. In February following (12. 12 mo. 1654) he subscribed the town covenant and received his allotment of land. In 1656 his salary was fixed at "fifty pounds by the year," taking "wheat at sixpence per bushel" under the usual price. No church building was erected till late in 1657, or early in 1658. The delay was probably owing to the small number of planters, whose moderate means may have prevented an early effort to build, and to settle a minister. Mr. Rowlandson preached here several years, without being settled, and at last, giving up, as it would seem, all expectation of receiving an invitation, he resolved upon leaving town. The report of his determination alarmed the good people of the valley, and they immediately (14. 3 mo. 1658) summoned a meeting, and invited him to "settle amongst them in the work of the

ministry," by a unanimous vote. He complied with the wishes of the town. There is reason to believe, however, that his ordination did not take place till two years afterwards. A church, as distinct from the congregation, was gathered in September, 1660. Mr. R., it is believed, possessed good talents, and was faithful in the pastoral relation. No particulars in relation to his ordination or ministry are in existence, within the knowledge of the writer. The early records of the town are lost, and those of the church were probably consumed when the town was destroyed. All that is known is that he was an "author of lesser compositions,"* and lived quietly with his people more than twenty years from his first residence in the valley. At the time of the destruction of Lancaster he was at Boston, with a number of friends, soliciting military aid from the governor for the protection of the town. Deep distress came over him in an unexpected moment, and prostrated his happiness and his hopes for a season.

In the following narrative will be found a full and minute account of the severe sufferings of Mrs. Rowlandson: severe for one brought up in the lap of comfort, and surrounded with the aids, and smiles, and kindnesses of friends in the beaten path of civilized and social life. Still her sufferings were not much greater than the Indians themselves experienced. Her distress was the result of the situation and condition of the Indians, rather than of an effort on their part to make her miserable.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowlandson, with their family, removed from Boston to Weathersfield, in Connecticut, as early probably as May, 1677. There Mr. R. was invited to preach, and there died, 24th November, 1678, before the re-settlement of the town. Mrs. Rowlandson was daughter of John White, of Lancaster, a man of wealth for that period, who subscribed the town covenant May 1, 1653.

* See Appendix.

The following is a list of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Rowlandson, as far as has been ascertained, viz :—

Mary, born 15. 11 mo. 1657. (Jan. 1658.) Died 20. 11 mo. 1660, (Jan. 1661.)

Joseph, born 7. 1 mo. (March) 1661.

Mary, born 12. 6 mo. (August) 1665.

Sarah, born 15. 7 mo. (September) 1669. Died Feb. 18, 1675. (Feb. 29, 1676. N. S.)

It appears by a deed among the papers of Mr. Jonathan Wilder, of this town, that Joseph is called of Lancaster, July 1, 1686. He probably, however, did not reside here, as he is not mentioned in any of the rates of that period. He was one of the original purchasers of Rutland, 22d December, 1686. But that town was not actually settled till the 18th century.

It remains only to mention the preceding editions of this narrative.

The first edition was printed at Cambridge in 1682, by the celebrated Samuel Green, and was entitled,

“Narrative of the Captivity and Restouration of Mrs. Mary Roulandson.”*

The second edition was printed in Boston in 1773, “at John Boyle’s Printing office, next door to the *Three Doves*, in Marlborough street, 1773.”

The third is entitled “A narrative of the captivity, sufferings, and removes, of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, who was taken prisoner by the Indians, with several others, and treated in the most barbarous and cruel manner, by those vile savages; with many other remarkable events during her travels. Written by her own hand, for her private use, and since made publick at the earnest desire of some friends, and for the benefit of the afflicted. Boston. Re-

* Thomas’ Hist. Printing, Vol. 1, p. 261. This edition we have not been able to obtain.

printed and sold by Thomas and John Fleet at the bible and heart, Cornhill, 1791.†

The fourth edition, which is not now at hand, was printed since the commencement of the present century.

† The title-page contains a plate representing Mrs. R. at the door of her house, with a gun pointed at the enemy, and several Indians approaching; some with tomahawks raised. At the end is a plate of a house in flames.

NARRATIVE.

ON the 10th of *February*, 1675,* came the *Indians* with great numbers† upon *Lancaster*: their first coming was about sun-rising; hearing the noise of some guns we looked out; several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. There were five persons taken in one house, the father and mother, and a sucking child they knocked on the head, the other two they took and carried away alive. There were two others, who being out of their garrison upon occasion, were set upon, one was knocked on the head, the other escaped. Another there was who running along was shot and wounded, and fell down; he begged of them his life, promising them money, (as they told me) but they would not hearken to him, but knock-

* Before the calendar was re-formed the year commenced on the 25th March, Lady-Day, or Annunciation. This, with the difference between the Julian and solar year, which is now from 11 to 12 days, would give the time, according to modern computation, February 21st, 1676. The 150th Anniversary of this interesting event was celebrated in this town on the 21st February, 1826. An address was delivered on the occasion by Isaac Goodwin, Esq., then of Sterling, now of Worcester.

† Fifteen hundred was the number, according to the best authorities. They were the Wamponoags, led by King Philip, accompanied by the Narrhagansetts, his allies, and also by the Nipmucks and Nashaways, whom his artful eloquence had persuaded to join with him.

ed him on the head, stripped him naked, and split open his bowels. Another seeing many of the *Indians* about his barn, ventur'd and went out, but was quickly shot down. There were three others belonging to the same garrison who were killed; the *Indians* getting up upon the roof of the barn, had advantage to shoot down upon them over their fortification. Thus these murderous wretches went on burning and destroying all before them.*

At length they came and beset our house, and quickly it was the dolefullest day that ever mine eyes saw. The house stood upon the edge of a hill; † some of the *Indians* got behind the hill, others

* Mr. Willard, in his History of Lancaster, says he cannot ascertain that attacks were made in more than two places previous to that upon Mr. Rowlandson's house; the first of which was Wheeler's garrison, at Wataquodoc hill, now S. W. part of Bolton. Here they killed Jonas Fairbanks and Joshua, his son, 15 years of age, and Richard Wheeler. Wheeler had been in town about 15 years. The second was Prescott's garrison, near Poignard and Plant's Cotton Factory. Ephraim Sawyer was killed here; and Henry Farrar and a Mr. Ball and his wife in other places.

† Mr. Rowlandson's house was on the brow of a small hill, on land now owned by Nathaniel Chandler, Esq., about a third of a mile S. W. of the meeting-house, on the road leading from the centre of the town to the village called New-Boston, about two rods from the road, which at that time ran near the house. This situation, as may now be seen, was a pleasant one, and commanded a fine view of the valley of the north branch of the river. The cellar was open till within a few years, and a few bricks, the last relicks of the building, yet remain on the ground. The spot where the house stood may now be easily distinguished. The garden extended west from the house, into the field now owned by Rev. Dr. Thayer, where there are still traces

into the barn, and others behind any thing that would shelter them; from all which places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail, and quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours (according to my observation in that amazing time) they had been about the house before they prevailed to fire it, (which they did with flax and hemp which they brought out of the barn, and there being no defence about the house,* only two flankers at two opposite corners, and one of them not finished) they fired it once, and one ventured out and quenched it, but they quickly fired it again, and that took. Now is the dreadful hour

come that I have often heard of (in time of the war, of it. Some aged apple-trees on the spot undoubtedly date back to the time of Mrs. Rowlandson.

* Hubbard relates that the fortification of Mr. Rowlandson's house was on the back side of the building, covered up with fire-wood; and that the Indians got near and burnt a leanto. But Mr. Harrington says—and his opportunities of gaining correct information were such that much confidence may be placed in his statement—that there was no fortification on the back of the house, and that the English were unable to ply their shot on that side, the Indians having loaded a cart with combustible matter, and pushed it flaming to the house. Thus reduced to the sad necessity of perishing in the flames or resigning themselves to the savages, the garrison surrendered. The defensible works which the people, during the incursions of the Indians, found it necessary to construct, exhibited little of the science of modern fortification. In general they consisted of pallisades of cleft wood set in the ground without ditches, and in some cases without flanking parts, barely defensible against musketry, and often covering an area too extensive for the number of men posted for their defence.

as it was the case of others) but now mine eyes see it. Some in our house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to knock us on the head if we stirred out. Now might we hear mothers and children crying out for themselves and one another, *Lord, what shall we do!* Then I took my children (and one of my sisters* her's) to go forth and leave the house: but as soon as we came to the door, and appear'd, the *Indians* shot so thick that the bullets rattled against the house as if one had taken a handful of stones and threw them, so that we were forced to give back. We had six stout dogs belonging to our garrison,† but none of them would stir, though at another time if an *Indian* had come to the door, they were ready to fly upon him and tear him down. The Lord hereby would make us the more to acknowledge his hand, and to see that our help is always in him. But out we must go, the fire increasing, and coming along behind us roaring, and the *Indians* gaping before us with their guns, spears, and hatchets to devour us. No sooner were we out of the house, but my brother-in-law‡ (being before wounded in defending the house, in or near the throat) fell down dead, whereat the *Indians* scornfully shouted and

* Mrs. Drew.

† Mr. Rowlandson's house was filled with soldiers and inhabitants, to the number of forty-two.

‡ Thomas Rowlandson, brother to the clergyman.

hallowed, and were presently upon him, stripping off his cloaths. The bullets flying thick, one went through my side, and the same (as would seem) through the bowels and hand of my poor child in my arms. One of my elder sister's children (named *William*) had then his leg broke, which the *Indians* perceiving they knocked him on the head. Thus were we butchered by those merciless heathens, standing amazed, with the blood running down to our heels. My eldest sister* being yet in the house, and seeing those woful sights, the infidels halling mothers one way and children another, and some wallowing in their blood: and her eldest son telling her that her son *William* was dead, and myself was wounded, she said, and *Lord let me die with them*: which was no sooner said but she was struck with a bullet, and fell down dead over the threshold. I hope she is reaping the fruit of her good

* Mrs. Kerley, wife of Capt. Henry Kerley, to whom she was married in 1654. Henry, born Jan. 1658, (N. S.) was their eldest son; William, here mentioned as being killed by the Indians, was next, having been born Jan. 1659. Henry married Elizabeth How, in Charlestown, in April 1676, where he probably retreated after Lancaster was laid waste. It does not appear that the Kerleys ever resumed their settlement here, but went to Marlborough. Mr. Willard (Hist. of Lancaster) relates a tradition of a humorous love quarrel between Capt. Kerley and his wife (who with Mrs. Rowlandson and Mrs. Drew were daughters of Mr. John White, the richest man in Lancaster in 1653.) On an occasion of some difference with his damsel, after they were published, he pulled up the post on which the publishment was placed, and cast it into the river; but, like all true lovers, they soon healed up their quarrels and were married.

labours, being faithful to the service of God in her place. In her younger years she lay under much trouble upon spiritual accounts, till it pleased God to make that precious scripture take hold of her heart, *2 Cor. 12, 9. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee.* More than twenty years after, I have heard her tell how sweet and comfortable that place was to her. But to return: The *Indians* laid hold of us pulling me one way, and the children another, and said, *Come, go along with us*: I told them they would kill me; they answered, *If I were willing to go along with them, they would not hurt me.*

Oh! the doleful sight that now was to behold at this house! Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he has made in the earth. Of thirty-seven* persons who were in this one house, none escaped either present death, or a bitter captivity, save only one,† who might say as in *Job 1, 15. And I only am escaped alone to tell the news.* There were twelve killed,‡ some shot, some stab-

* We have stated in a previous note that there were forty-two persons in the house, in which number are included five soldiers, not reckoned by Mrs. Rowlandson.

† Ephraim Roper, whose wife was killed in attempting to escape.

‡ Mr Harrington, in his Century Sermon, says Ensign Divoll, Abraham Joslin, Daniel Gains, Thomas Rowlandson, William and Joseph Kerley, John McLeod, John Kettle and two sons, Josiah Divoll, &c., were slain; and he intimates that they were slain after the surrender; but we have seen that several of them were killed during the contest with the Indians. Whether Mr. Harrington's &c. im-

bed with their spears, some knocked down with their hatchets. When we are in prosperity, Oh the little that we think of such dreadful sights, to see our dear friends and relations lie bleeding out their hearts-blood upon the ground. There was one who was chopt in the head with a hatchet, and stript naked, and yet was crawling up and down. It was a solemn sight to see so many christians lying in their blood, some here and some there, like a company of sheep torn by wolves. All of them stript naked by a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out ; yet the Lord, by his almighty power, preserved a number of us from death, for there were twenty-four of us taken alive and carried captive.

I had often before this said, that if the *Indians* should come, I should chuse rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial, my mind changed ; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit, that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous bears, than that moment to end my days. And that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several Removes we had up and down the wilderness:

plies more than *one* besides those mentioned, is uncertain. It is certain, however, that Capt. Kerley's wife and Ephraim Roper's wife were killed in attempting to escape : they, with those above mentioned, make thirteen. In all probability, then, Mrs. Rowlandson has not accurately stated the number ; and the mistake, considering the circumstances " of that amazing time," is not to be wondered at.

THE FIRST REMOVE.

Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill,* within sight of the town, where we intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house (deserted by the *English* before, for fear of the *Indians*;) I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night? to which they answered, What, will you love *Englishmen* still? This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh the roaring, and singing, and dancing, and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell: And miserable was the waste that was there made, of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowls, (which they had plundered in the town) some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling, to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the

* *George Hill*, which has been so called for more than one hundred and fifty years. It is said to have taken its name from an Indian whom the English called George, and who had a wigwam upon it. The name includes the whole range of the fertile and delightful ridge on the west side of the town, nearly two miles in extent. From the southern part, which is almost a distinct hill, is a fine view of the town and surrounding country.

present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad, berieved condition. All was gone, my husband gone,* (at least separated from me, he being in the *Bay*; and to add to my grief, the *Indians* told me they would kill him as he came homeward) my children gone, my relations and friends gone,† our house and home, and all our comforts within door and without, all was gone (except my life) and I knew not but the next moment that might go too.

There remained nothing to me but one poor, wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death, that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think, what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, those even that seem to profess more than others among them, when the *English* have fallen into their hands.

* Mr. Rowlandson, with Capt. Kerley and Mr. Drew, were at this time in Boston, soliciting the Governour and Council for more soldiers, for the protection of the place. Mr. Harrington says that on his return, "he met the heavy news, which he received with a becoming submission and magnanimity." Mr. Rowlandson was the first minister of Lancaster, and preached here some years before his ordination, which took place in 1658 or 1660. He was graduated at Cambridge, 1652. After the destruction of Lancaster, he preached at Weathersfield, Conn., where he died, Nov. 24, 1678, previous to the re-settlement of this town. Nothing can be ascertained respecting Mrs. Rowlandson after her husband's death. Cotton Mather speaks of him as "an author of lesser composures out of his modest studies, even as with a Cæsarean section forced into light."

† No less than seventeen of Mr. Rowlandson's family were put to death or taken prisoners.

Those seven that were killed at *Lancaster* the summer before upon a sabbath day, and the one that was afterward killed upon a week day,* were slain and mangled in a barbarous manner, by One-eyed *John*† and *Marlborough's* praying *Indians*,‡ which Capt. *Mosely* brought to *Boston*, as the *Indians* told me.

* The eight persons were George Bennett, William Flagg, Jacob Farrar, Joseph Wheeler, Mordecai McLeod, his wife and two children.

† James Quanapaug, who was employed by the English as a spy, to make discoveries of the enemy, in the information which he gave, stated that when he was at Menimesseg (New-Braintree) this One-eyed John told him (in Jan. 1676) that in about twenty days they were to fall upon Lancaster, Groton, Marlborough, Sudbury, and Medfield, and that the first thing they would do, would be to cut down Lancaster bridge, so as to hinder the flight of the inhabitants, and prevent assistance from coming to them. There was at that time but one bridge in town. It stood forty or fifty rods to the east of what is now called Centre Bridge, which is at the confluence of the two branches of the river. The Indians did not destroy the bridge, though they removed the plank from it so as to prevent the passing of horses.

‡ The Marlborough Indians, according to Quanapaug's information, were at Menimesseg with Philip, at the time mentioned in the note above when he saw One-eyed John; but whether they joined in the destruction of Lancaster is uncertain. Those here mentioned by Mrs. Rowlandson as having been carried to Boston by Capt. Mosely were those which remained at home, while some were with Philip at Menimesseg. They being suspected of treachery, a representation to that effect was made to Gov. Leverett, who despatched a company under command of Capt. Mosely, to convey them to Boston. They reached Marlborough in the night, and early in the following morning surrounded the fort where the Indians were and obliged them to surrender. They were taken into custody, their hands fastened behind their backs, and then, being all connected together by a cart-rope, driven to Boston, where it is probable

THE SECOND REMOVE.

BUT now (the next morning) I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I know not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure: but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the *Indians* carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse: it went moaning all along, *I shall die, I shall die*. I went on foot after it, with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture on the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill,* we both fell over the horse's head, at which they like inhuman creatures laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might

they were kept till the close of the war. This Capt. Mosely, Hutchinson says, had been an old privateer at Jamaica, probably such as were called *Buccaniers*. He was one of the most resolute and courageous captains in the war with Philip.

* Tradition says this was a hill in Fitchburg. See note at the end, in which Mrs. Rowlandson's route with the *Indians* is traced.

see more of his power, yea, so much that I could never have thought of, had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on, they stopt: and now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now, (through the wound) fallen into a violent fever. My own wound also growing so stiff, that I could scarce set down or rise up, yet so it must be, that I must sit all this cold, winter night, upon the cold snowy ground, with my sick child in my arms, looking that every hour would be the last of its life; and having no christian friend near me, either to comfort or help me. Oh I may see the wonderful power of God, that my spirit did not utterly sink under my affliction; still the Lord upheld me with his gracious and merciful spirit, and we were both alive to see the light of the next morning.



THE THIRD REMOVE.

THE morning being come they prepared to go on their way, one of the *Indians* got upon a horse, and they sat me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child being so exceeding sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound, it may easily be judged what a poor, feeble condition we were in, there be-

ing not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths from *Wednesday* night to *Saturday* night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, *viz.* an *Indian* town called *Wenimesset*,* northward of *Quabaug*.† When we were come, Oh the number of *Pagans* (now merciless enemies) that there came about me, that I may say as *David*, *Psal.* 27, 13, *I had fainted unless I had believed, &c.* The next day was the sabbath: I then remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time: how many sabbaths I had lost and misspent, and how evilly I had walked in God's sight; which lay so close upon my spirit, that it was easy for me to see how righteous it was with God to cut off the thread of my life, and cast me out of his presence forever. Yet the Lord still shewed mercy to me, and helped me; and as he wounded me with one hand, so he healed me with the other. This day there came to me one *Robert Pepper* (a man belonging to *Roxbury*) who was taken at *Capt. Beers'* fight;‡ and had been now a considerable time with the *Indians*, and up with

* New-Braintree. † Brookfield.

‡ *Beers'* fight took place in *Northfield*, in *September*, 1675. *Beers* and his party were defeated by the *Indians*, himself and many others killed, and others wounded and taken prisoners. This *Robert Pepper*, *James Quanapaug* says, got into a tree and lay there till he was taken away by *Sagamore Sam*, or *Shoshanim*, of *Nashaway*, who took him into his wigwam. The ground where *Beers'* disaster happened is to this day called *Beers' Plain*, and the hill to which he retreated, and where he finally fell, *Beers' Mountain*.

them almost as far as *Albany*, to see King *Philip*, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this *Indian* town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg, at Capt *Beers'* fight; and was not able some time to go, but as they carried him, and that he took oak leaves and laid to his wound, and by the blessing of God, he was able to travel again. Then took I oak leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God, it cured me also: yet before the cure was wrought, I may say as it is in *Psal.* 38, 5, 6. *My wounds stink and are corrupt, I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long.* I sat much alone with my poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body, or cheer the spirits of her; but instead of that, one *Indian* would come and tell me one hour, your master will knock your child on the head, and then a second, and then a third, your master will quickly knock your child on the head.

This was the comfort I had from them; miserable comforters were they all. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, with my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again. My child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world, they bid me carry it out to another wigwam: (I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles) whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two

hours in the night, my sweet babe like a lamb departed this life, on *Feb. 18, 1675*,* it being about six years and five months old.† It was nine days from the first wounding in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or another except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice, how at another time I could not bear to be in a room where a dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must and could lie down with my dead babe all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me so in the use of my reason and senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning when they understood that my child was dead, they sent me home to my master's wigwam. (By my master in this writing, must be understood *Quannopin*, who was a *Saggamore*, and married King *Philip's* wife's sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by a *Narraganset Indian*, who took me when I first came out of the garrison.) I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone. There was no resisting, but go I must, and leave it. When I had been awhile at my master's wigwam I took the first opportunity I could get, to go look after my dead child: when I came I asked them what they had done with it? they

*Feb. 29, 1676, N. S.

†This child's name was Sarah; born Sept. 15, 1669.

told me it was on the hill;* then they went and shewed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and where they told me they had buried it; there I left that child in the wilderness, and must commit it and myself also in this wilderness condition, to him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter *Mary*, who was at the same *Indian* town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another; she was about ten years old, and taken from the door at first by a praying *Indian*, and afterwards sold for a gun. When I came in sight she would fall a weeping, at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bid me be gone; which was a heart-cutting word to me. I had one child dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where, the third they would not let me come near to; *Me* (as he said) *have ye bereaved of my children, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also; all these things are against me.* I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another. And as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation that I knew not ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and shew me

* This hill, in the town of New-Braintree, is now known as the burial place of Mrs. Rowlandson's child.

a token for good, and if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And indeed quickly the Lord answered in some measure my poor prayer: For as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son* came to me and asked me how I did? I had not seen him before since the destruction of the town; and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself, that he was among a smaller parcel of *Indians*, whose place was about six miles off, with tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister *Sarah* was dead? and told me he had seen his sister *Mary*: and prayed me, that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: there was, as I said, about six miles from us a small plantation of *Indians*, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time, there were some forces of the *Indians* gathered out of our company, and some also from them (amongst whom was my son's master) to go to assault and burn *Medfield*; in this time of his master's absence, his dame brought him to see me. I took this to be some gracious answer to my earnest and unfeigned desire. The next day the *Indians* returned from *Medfield*; † (all the company, for those that belong-

* Joseph.

† *Medfield* was attacked Feb. 21, (O. S.) There were two or three hundred soldiers stationed there, yet the *Indians* burned half the town, and killed a great many of the inhabitants.

ed to the other smaller company, came through the town that we now were at) but before they came to us, Oh the outrageous roaring and hooping that there was! they began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and hooping they signified how many they had destroyed; which was at that time twenty-three. Those that were with us at home, were gathered together as soon as they heard the hooping, and every time that the other went over their number, these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rang again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the Saggamore's wigwam; and then Oh the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some *English* men's scalps, that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them. I cannot but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me in those afflictions, in sending me a *Bible*: one of the *Indians* that came from *Medfield* fight, and had brought some plunder, came to me, and asked me if I would have a *Bible*, he had got one in his basket: I was glad of it, and asked him if he thought the *Indians* would let me read? he answered yes; so I took the *Bible*, and in that melancholy time, it came into my mind to read first the 28 chap. of *Deuteronomy*, which I did, and when I had read it, my dark heart wrought on this manner, that there was no mercy for me, that the blessings were gone, and the curses came in their room,

and that I had lost my opportunity. But the Lord helped me still to go on reading, till I came to ch. 30, the seven first verses; where I found there was mercy promised again, if we would return to him, by repentance; and though we were scattered from one end of the earth to the other, yet the Lord would gather us together, and turn all those curses upon our enemies. I do not desire to live to forget this scripture, and what comfort it was to me.

Now the *Indians* began to talk of removing from this place, some one way and some another. There were now besides myself nine *English* captives in this place (all of them children except one woman). I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them, they being to go one way and I another. I asked them whether they were earnest with God for deliverance, they told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman, *viz.* goodwife *Joslin** told me she should never see me again, and that she could find in her heart to run away by any means for we were near thirty miles from any *English* town† and she very big with child, having but one week to reckon; and another child in her arms two years old, and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble with

* Abraham Joslin's wife.

† This was true at that time, as Brookfield, (Quaboag) within a few miles of Wenimesset, was destroyed by the Indians in Aug. 1675. The nearest towns were those on Connecticut River.

our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me, I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read; we opened the Bible, and lighted on *Psal. 27*, in which Psalm we especially took notice of that verse, *Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart, wait I say on the Lord.*



THE FOURTH REMOVE.

AND now must I part with the little company I had. Here I parted with my daughter *Mary** (whom I never saw again till I saw her in *Dorchester*, returned from captivity) and from four little cousins and neighbours, some of which I never saw afterward, the Lord only knows the end of them. Among them also was that poor woman before mentioned, who came to a sad end, as some of the company told me in my travel: She having much grief upon her spirits about her miserable condition, being so near her time, she would be often asking the *Indians* to let her go home: they not being willing to that, and yet vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company together about her, and stript her naked and set her in the midst of them; and when they had sung and danced about her (in their hellish manner) as long as they pleased, they knocked her on the head, and the child in her arms with

* Born August 12, 1665.

her. When they had done that, they made a fire and put them both into it, and told the other children that were with them, that if they attempted to go home they would serve them in like manner. The children said she did not shed one tear, but prayed all the while. But to turn to my own journey: We travelled about a half a day or a little more and came to a desolate place in the wilderness where there were no wigwams or inhabitants before; we came about the middle of the afternoon to this place; cold, wet, and snowy, and hungry, and weary, and no refreshing for man, but the cold ground to sit on, and our poor *Indian* cheer.

Heart-aching thoughts here I had about my poor children, who were scattered up and down among the wild beasts of the forest: My head was light and dissy (either through hunger or bad lodging, or trouble, or all together) my knees feeble, my body raw by setting double night and day, that I cannot express to man the affliction that lay upon my spirit, but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to himself. I opened my *Bible* to read, and the Lord brought that precious scripture to me, *Jer.* 31, 16. *Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.* This was a sweet cordial to me, when I was ready to faint, many and many a time have I sat down and wept sweetly over this scripture. At this place we continued about four days.

THE FIFTH REMOVE.

THE occasion (as I thought) of their removing at this time, was the *English* army's being near and following them: For they went as if they had gone for their lives, for some considerable way; and then they made a stop, and chose out some of their stoutest men, and sent them back to hold the *English* army in play whilst the rest escaped; and then like *Jehu* they marched on furiously, with their old and young: some carried their old, decrepid mothers, some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a great *Indian* upon a bier; but going through a thick wood with him they were hindered, and could make no haste; whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him one at a time, till we came to *Bacquag** river. Upon *Friday* a little after noon we came to this river: When all the company was come up, and were gathered together, I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skill. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favoured in my load: I carried only my knitting-work, and two quarts of parched meal: Being very faint, I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees, to make rafts to carry them

* Or Payquage, now Miller's river. It empties into the Connecticut between Northfield and Montague.

over the river, and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit on, I did not wet my foot (while many of themselves at the other end were mid-leg deep) which cannot but be acknowledged as a favour of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. *When thou pass-est through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. Isai. 43. 2.* A certain number of us got over the river that night, but it was the night after the *Sabbath* before all the company was got over. On the *Saturday* they boiled an old horse's leg (which they had got) and so we drank of the broth, as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all gone they fill'd it up again.

The first week of my being among them, I hardly eat any thing: the second week I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something: and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash; but the third week (though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet) they were pleasant and savoury to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of white cotton stockings for my mistress, and I had not yet wrought upon the *Sabbath* day: When the *Sabbath* came, they bid me go to work; I told them it was *Sabbath* day, and desired them to let

me rest, and told them I would do as much more work to-morrow ; to which they answered me, they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of the strange Providence of God in preserving the heathen : They were many hundreds, old and young, some sick, and some lame ; many had *Papooses* at their backs ; the greatest number at this time with us were *Squaws*, and yet they traveled with all they had, bag and baggage, and they got over this river aforesaid ; and on *Monday* they sat their wigwams on fire, and away they went ; on that very day came the *English* army after them to this river, and saw the smoke of their wigwams, and yet this river put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us ; We were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance ; if we had been, God would have found out a way for the *English* to have passed this river, as well as for the *Indians* with their *Squaws* and children, and all their luggage. *O that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways, I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.* Psal. 81. 13, 14.



THE SIXTH REMOVE.

ON *Monday* (as I said) they sat their wigwams on fire, and went away. It was a cold morning, and before us there was a great brook with ice on

it; Some waded through it up to the knees and higher, but others went till they came to a beaver dam, and I amongst them, where through the good Providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting (leaving farther my own country, and travelling farther into the vast and howling wilderness) and I understood something of *Lot's* wife's temptation when she looked back: We came that day to a great swamp, by the side of which we took up our lodging that night. When we came to the brow of the hill that looked toward the swamp, I thought we had been come to a great *Indian* town (though there were none but our own company) the *Indians* were as thick as the trees; it seemed as if there had been a thousand hatchets going at once. If one looked before one there was nothing but *Indians*, and behind one nothing but *Indians*; and so on either hand; and I myself in the midst, and no christian soul near me, and yet how hath the Lord preserved me in safety! Oh the experience that I have had of the goodness of God to me and mine!



THE SEVENTH REMOVE.

AFTER a restless and hungry night there, we had a wearisome time of it the next day. The swamp by which we lay, was as it were a deep dungeon,

and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I got to the top of the hill, I thought my heart and legs and all would have broken, and failed me. What through faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. As we went along, I saw a place where *English* cattle had been, that was a comfort to me, such as it was: Quickly after that we came to an *English* path, which so took me, that I thought I could there have freely lie down and died. That day, a little after noon, we came to *Squakeag*,* where the *Indians* quickly spread themselves over the deserted *English* fields, gleaning what they could find; some pick'd up ears of wheat that were crickled down, some found ears of *Indian* corn, some found ground-nuts, and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of *Indian* corn, and whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stole from me which much troubled me. There came an *Indian* to them at that time, with a basket of *horse-liver*; I asked him to give me a piece: What, (says he) can you eat *horse-liver*? I told him I would try, if he would give me a piece, which he did; and I laid it on the coals to roast, but before it was half ready, they got half of it away from me; so that I was forced to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet a savory bit it was to me; for to the hungry soul every bitter thing was sweet.

* Or Squakeag, now Northfield.

A solemn sight methought it was, to see whole fields of wheat and *Indian* corn forsaken and spoiled, and the remainder of them to be food for our merciless enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our supper.



THE EIGHTH REMOVE.

ON the morrow morning we must go over *Connecticut* river to meet with King *Philip* ; two canoes full they had carried over, the next turn myself was to go ; but as my foot was upon the canoe to step in, there was a sudden out-cry among them, and I must step back ; and instead of going over the river, I must go four or five miles up the river farther *Northward*. Some of the *Indians* ran one way, and some another. The cause of this route was, as I tho't, their espying some *English* scouts, who were thereabouts. In this travel up the river, about noon the company made a stop, and sat down, some to eat and others to rest them. As I sat amongst them, musing on things past, my son *Joseph* unexpectedly came to me. We asked of each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition, and the change that had come upon us. We had husband and father, and children and sisters, and friends and relations, and house and home, and many comforts of this life ; but now we might say as *Job*, *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked*

shall I return : The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. I asked him whether he would read? he told me he earnestly desired it. I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable scripture, *Psalm 118. 17, 18. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord : The Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death.* Look here mother, (says he) did you read this? And here I may take occasion to mention one principal ground of my setting forth these lines, even as the Psalmist says, to declare the works of the Lord, and his wonderful power in carying us along, preserving us in the wilderness while under the enemy's hand, and returning of us in safety again; and his goodness in bringing to my hand so many comfortable and suitable scriptures in my distress.

But to return: We travelled on till night, and in the morning we must go over the river to *Philip's* crew. When I was in the canoe, I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of Pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst: I observed they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a weeping; which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them; although I had met with so much affliction, and my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I

not shed one tear in their sight, but rather had been all this while in a maze, and like one astonished; but now I may say as *Psal.* 137, 1. *By the river of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.* There one of them asked me why I wept? I could hardly tell what to say; yet I answered, they would kill me: No, said he, none will hurt you. Then came one of them, and gave me two spoonfuls of meal (to comfort me) and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King *Philip*; he bade me come in, and sit down; and asked me whether I would smoke it? (a usual compliment now a days, among the saints and sinners) but this no ways suited me. For though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the devil lays to make men lose their precious time. I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another; such a bewitching thing it is: but I thank God, he has now given me power over it; surely there are many who may be better employed than to sit sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the *Indians* gathered their forces to go against *Northampton*: Over night one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Whereupon they went to boiling of ground-nuts, and parching corn (as many as had it) for their

provision: and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place, *Philip* spake to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did; for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my mistress, but she bid me keep it, and with it I bought a piece of horse-flesh. Afterward he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner; I went, and he gave me a pancake, about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a *Squaw* who spake to me to make a shirt for her *Sannup*; for which she gave me a piece of beef. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and beef together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat on the ground; I asked him how he could sleep so? he answered me, that he was not asleep, but at prayer; and that he lay so, that they might not observe what he was doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place (the sun now getting higher) what with the beams and heat of the sun, and smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blinded. I could scarce discern one

wigwam from another. There was one *Mary Thurston*, of *Medfield*, who seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone, the *Squaw* that owned that *Mary Thurston*, came running after me, and got it away again. Here was a *Squaw* who gave me a spoonful of meal; I put it in my pocket to keep it safe, yet notwithstanding some body stole it, but put five *Indian* corns in the room of it; which corns were the greatest provision I had in my travel for one day.

The *Indians* returning from *North-Hampton** brought with them some horses, and sheep, and other things which they had taken; I desired them that they would carry me to *Albany* upon one of those horses, and sell me for powder; for so they had sometimes discoursed. I was utterly helpless of getting home on foot, the way that I came. I could hardly bear to think of the many weary steps I had taken to this place.



THE NINTH REMOVE.

BUT instead of either going to *Albany* or homeward, we must go five miles up the river, and then go over it. Here we abode a while. Here lived

* Northampton was attacked March 14, 1676. The *Indians* fell upon the town in a large body, broke through the surrounding palisades at three points, sat on fire ten buildings, and killed and wounded eleven people.

a sorry *Indian*, who spake to me to make him a shirt, when I had done it he would pay me nothing for it. But he living by the river side, where I often went to fetch water, I would often be putting him in mind, and calling for my pay ; at last he told me, if I would make another shirt for a *Papoos* not yet born, he would give me a knife, which he did when I had done it. I carried the knife in and my master asked me to give it him, and I was not a little glad that I had any thing that they would accept of and be pleased with. When we were at this place, my master's maid came home : she had been gone three weeks into the *Narraganset* country to fetch corn, where they had stored up some in the ground. She brought home about a peck and a half of corn. This was about the time that their great captain (*Naonanto*) was killed in the *Narraganset* country.

My son being now about a mile from me, I asked liberty to go and see him, they bid me go, and away I went ; but quickly lost myself, travelling over hills and through swamps, and could not find the way to him. And I cannot but admire at the wonderful power and goodness of God to me, in that though I was gone from home and met with all sorts of *Indians*, and those I had no knowledge of, and there being no christian soul near me, yet not one of them offered the least imaginable miscarriage to me. I turned homeward again, and met with my master, and he shewed me the way to my son. When I

came to him, I found him not well; and withal he had a boil on his side, which much troubled him. We bemoaned one another a while, as the Lord helped us, and then I returned again. When I was returned, I found myself as unsatisfied as I was before. I went up and down mourning and lamenting, and my spirit was ready to sink, with the thoughts of my poor children. My son was ill and I could not but think of his mournful looks, having no christian friend near him, to do any office of love to him, either for soul or body. And my poor girl, I knew not where she was, nor whether she was sick or well, alive or dead. I repaired under these thoughts to my Bible, (my great comforter in that time) and that scripture came to my hand, *Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. Psal. 55. 22.*

But I was fain to go look after something to satisfy my hunger; and going among the wigwams, I went into one, and there found a Squaw who shewed herself very kind to me, and gave me a piece of bear. I put it into my pocket, and came home; but could not find an opportunity to broil it for fear they should get it from me: and there it lay all the day and night in my stinking pocket. In the morning I went again to the same Squaw, who had a kettle of ground-nuts boiling: I asked her to let me boil my piece of bear in the kettle, which she did, and gave me some ground-nuts to eat with it, and I cannot but think how pleasant it was to me. I have sometimes seen bear baked handsomely

amongst the *English*, and some liked it, but the thoughts that it was bear, made me tremble. But now that was savoury to me that one would think was enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.

One bitter cold day, I could find no room to sit down before the fire: I went out, and could not tell what to do, but I went into another wigwam, where they were also sitting round the fire; but the Squaw laid a skin for me, and bid me sit down, and gave me some ground-nuts, and bid me come again, and told me they would buy me if they were able; and yet these were strangers to me that I never knew before.



THE TENTH REMOVE.

THAT day a small part of the company removed about three quarters of a mile, intending farther the next day. When they came to the place they intended to lodge, and had pitched their wigwams, being hungry, I went again back to the place we were before at, to get something to eat; being encouraged by the Squaw's kindness, who bid me come again. When I was there, there came an *Indian* to look after me; who, when he had found me, kicked me all along. I went home and found venison roasting that night, but they would not give me one bit of it. Sometimes I met with favour, and sometimes with nothing but frowns.

THE ELEVENTH REMOVE.

THE next day in the morning, they took their travel intending a day's journey up the river; I took my load at my back, and quickly we came to wade over a river, and passed over tiresome and wearisome hills. One hill was so steep, that I was fain to creep up upon my knees, and to hold by the twigs and bushes to keep myself from falling backward. My head also was so light that I usually reeled as I went. But I hope all those wearisome steps that I have taken, are but a forwarding of me to the heavenly rest. *I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hath afflicted me. Psal. 119. 75.*

THE TWELFTH REMOVE.

IT was upon a Sabbath-day morning that they prepared for their travel. This morning I asked my master whether he would sell me to my husband? he answered *nux*; which did much rejoice my spirit. My mistress, before we went, was gone to the burial of a *Papoos*, and returning, she found me sitting and reading in my Bible. She snatched it hastily out of my hand and threw it out of doors: I ran out and catcht it up, and put it in my pocket, and never let her see it afterwards. Then they packed up their things to be gone, and gave me my

load; I complained it was too heavy, whereupon she gave me a slap on the face and bid me be gone. I lifted up my heart to God, hoping that redemption was not far off; and the rather because their insolence grew worse and worse.

But thoughts of my going howeward (for so we bent our course) much cheered my spirit, and made my burden seem light, and almost nothing at all. But (to my amazement and great perplexity) the scale was soon turned; for when we had got a little way, on a sudden my mistress gave out she would go no further, but turn back again, and said I must go back again with her, and she called her Sannup, and would have had him go back also, but he would not; but said he would go on and come to us again in three days. My spirit was upon this (I confess) very impatient, and almost outrageous. I thought I could as well have died as went back. I cannot declare the trouble that I was in about it; back again I must go. As soon as I had an opportunity, I took my Bible to read, and that quieting scripture came to my hand, *Psalm 46. 10. Be still and know that I am God*: which stilled my spirit for the present; but a sore time of trial I concluded I had to go through. My master being gone, who seemed to me the best friend I had of an *Indian*, both in cold and hunger, and quickly so it proved. Down I sat, with my heart as full as it could hold, and yet so hungry that I could not sit neither: but going out to see what I could find, and walking among the

trees, I found six acorns and two chesnuts, which were some refreshment to me. Towards night I gathered me some sticks for my own comfort, that I might not lie cold ; but when we came to lie down, they bid me go out, and lie somewhere else, for they had company (they said come in more than their own :) I told them I could not tell where to go, they bid me go look : I told them if I went to another wigwam they would be angry and send me home again. Then one of the company drew his sword and told me he would run me through if I did not go presently. Then was I fain to stoop to this rude fellow, and go out in the night I knew not whither. Mine eyes hath seen that fellow afterwards walking up and down in *Boston*, under the appearance of a friendly *Indian*, and several others of the like cut. I went to one wigwam, and they told me they had no room. Then I went to another, and they said the same : At last an old *Indian* bid me come to him, and his Squaw gave me some ground-nuts ; she gave me also something to lay under my head, and a good fire we had : Through the good providence of God, I had a comfortable lodging that night. In the morning another *Indian* bid me come at night and he would give me six ground-nuts, which I did. We were at this place and time about two miles from *Connecticut* river. We went in the morning (to gather ground-nuts) to the river and went back again at night. I went with a great load at my back (for they when they

went, tho' but a little way, would carry all their trumpery with them.) I told them the skin was off my back, but I had no other comforting answer from them than this, that it would be no matter if my head was off too.



THE THIRTEENTH REMOVE.

INSTEAD of going towards the *Bay*, (which was what I desired) I must go with them five or six miles down the river, into a mighty thicket of brush ; where we abode almost a fortnight. Here one asked me to make a shirt for her Papoos for which she gave me a mess of broth, which was thickened with meal made of the bark of a tree ; and to make it better she had put into it about a handful of peas, and a few roasted ground-nuts. I had not seen my son a pretty while, and here was an *Indian* of whom I made enquiry after him, and asked him when he saw him ? He answered me, that such a time his master roasted him, and that himself did eat a piece of him as big as his two fingers, and that he was very good meat. But the Lord upheld my spirit under this discouragement ; and I considered their horrible addictedness to lying, and that there is not one of them that makes the least conscience of speaking the truth.

In this place, one cold night, as I lay by the fire, I removed a stick which kept the heat from me, a

Squaw moved it down again, at which I looked up, and she threw an handful of ashes in my eyes ; I thought I should have been quite blinded and never have seen more : But lying down, the water ran out of my eyes, and carried the dirt with it, that by the morning I recovered my sight again. Yet upon this, and the like occasions, I hope it is not too much to say with *Job*, *Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of the LORD has touched me.* And here I cannot but remember how many times, sitting in their wigwams, and musing on things past, I should suddenly leap up and run out, as if I had been at home, forgetting where I was, and what my condition was ; but when I was without, and saw nothing but wilderness and woods, and a company of barbarous heathen, my mind quickly returned to me, which made me think of that spoken concerning *Samson*, who said, *I will go out and shake myself as at other times, but he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.*

About this time I began to think that all my hopes of restoration would come to nothing. I thought of the *English* army, and hoped for their coming, and being retaken by them, but that failed. I hoped to be carried to *Albany*, as the *Indians* had discoursed, but that failed also.

I thought of being sold to my husband, as my master spake ; but instead of that, my master himself was gone, and I left behind, so that my spirit

was now quite ready to sink. I asked them to let me go out and pick up some sticks, that I might get alone, and pour out my heart unto the Lord. Then also I took my Bible to read, but I found no comfort here neither, yet I can say, in all my sorrows and afflictions, God did not leave me to have any impatient work toward himself, as if his ways were unrighteous; but I knew that he laid upon me less than I deserved. Afterward, before this doleful time ended with me, I was turning the leaves of my Bible, and the Lord brought to me some scripture which did a little revive me, as that, *Isa. 55. 8. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord.* And also that, *Psal. 37. 5. Commit thy ways unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.*

About this time they came yelping from *Hadley*,* having there killed three *Englishmen*, and brought one captive with them, *viz. Thomas Read.* They all gathered about the poor man, asking him many questions. I desired also to go and see him; and when I came he was crying bitterly, supposing they would quickly kill him. Whereupon I asked one of them, whether they intended to kill him, he answered me, they would not: He being a little cheered with that, I asked him about the welfare of my husband; he told me he saw him such a time

* In the beginning of April, a number of the inhabitants of Hadley, having ventured out some distance from the guard, for the purpose of tillage, were attacked by the Indians, and three of them killed.

in the *Bay*, and he was well, but very melancholy. By which I certainly understood (though I suspected it before) that whatsoever the *Indians* told me respecting him, was vanity and lies. Some of them told me he was dead, and they had killed him: some said he was married again, and that the governor wished him to marry, and told him that he should have his choice, and that all persuaded him that I was dead. So like were these barbarous creatures to him who was a liar from the beginning.

As I was sitting once in the wigwam here, *Philip's* maid came with the child in her arms, and asked me to give her a piece of my apron to make a flap for it; I told her I would not; then my mistress bid me give it, but I still said no. The maid told me, if I would not give her a piece, she would tear a piece off it: I told her I would tear her coat then: with that my mistress rises up, and takes up a stick big enough to have killed me, and struck at me with it, but I stepped out, and she struck the stick into the mat of the wigwam. But while she was pulling it out, I ran to the maid, and gave her all my apron; and so that storm went over.

Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and told him his father was well, but very melancholy: He told me he was as much grieved for his father as for himself: I wondered at his speech, for I thought I had enough upon my spirit, in reference to myself, to make me mindless of my husband and every one else, they being safe

among their friends. He told me also, that a while before, his master (together with other *Indians*) were going to the *French* for powder, but by the way the *Mohawks* met with them, and killed four of their company, which made the rest turn back again ; for which I desire that myself and he may ever bless the Lord ; for it might have been worse with him had he been sold to the *French*, than it proved to be in his remaining with the *Indians*.

I went to see an *English* youth in this place, one *John Gilbert of Springfield*. I found him lying without doors upon the ground ; I asked him how he did ; he told me he was very sick of a flux with eating so much blood. They had turned him out of the wigwam, and with him an *Indian* Papoos, almost dead, (whose parents had been killed,) in a bitter cold day, without fire or cloaths : The young man himself had nothing on but his shirt and waistcoat.—This sight was enough to melt a heart of flint.—There they lay quivering in the cold, the youth round like a dog, the Papoos stretched out, with his eyes, nose, and mouth, full of dirt, and yet alive, and groaning. I advised *John* to go and get to some fire ; he told me he could not stand, but I persuaded him still, lest he should lie there and die. And with much ado I got him to a fire, and went myself home. As soon as I was got home, his master's daughter came after me, to know what I had done with the *Englishman*? I told her I had got him to a fire in such a place. Now had I need

to pray *Paul's* prayer, 2 *Thess.* 3. 2. *That we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.* For her satisfaction I went along with her, and brought her to him; but before I got home again, it was noised about, that I was running away, and getting the *English* youth along with me: That as soon as I came in, they began to rant and domineer, asking me where I had been, and what I had been doing? and saying they would knock me on the head: I told them I had been seeing the *English* youth, and that I would not run away. They told me I lied, and getting up a hatchet, they came to me and said they would knock me down if I stirred out again; and so confined me to the wigwam. Now may I say with *David*, 2 *Sam.* 24. 14. *I am in a great strait.* If I keep in, I must die with hunger; and if I go out, I must be knocked on the head. This distressed condition held that day, and half the next; and then the Lord remembered me, whose mercies are great. Then came an *Indian* to me with a pair of stockings which were too big for him, and he would have me ravel them out, and knit them fit for him. I showed myself willing, and bid him ask my mistress if I might go along with him a little way? She said yes, I might; but I was not a little refreshed with that news, that I had my liberty again. Then I went along with him, and he gave me some roasted ground-nuts, which did again revive my feeble stomach.

Being got out of her sight, I had time and liberty again to look into my Bible, which was my guide by day, and my pillow by night. Now that comfortable scripture presented itself to me, *Isa. 45. 7. For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.* Thus the Lord carried me along from one time to another, and made good to me this precious promise, and many others. Then my son came to see me, and I asked his master to let him stay a while with me, that I might comb his head, and look over him, for he was almost overcome with lice. He told me when I had done, that he was very hungry, but I had nothing to relieve him, but bid him go into the wigwams as he went along, and see if he could get any thing among them. Which he did, and (it seems) tarried a little too long, for his master was angry with him, and beat him, and then sold him. Then he came running to tell me he had a new master, and that he had given him some ground-nuts already. Then I went along with him to his new master, who told me he loved him, and he should not want. So his master carried him away, and I never saw him afterward, till I saw him at *Piscataqua*, in *Portsmouth*.

That night they bid me go out of the wigwam again: My mistress's Papoos was sick, and it died that night; and there was one benefit in it, that there was more room. I went to a wigwam and they bid me come in, and gave me a skin to lie

upon, and a mess of venison and ground-nuts, which was a choice dish among them. On the morrow they buried the Papoos; and afterward, both morning and evening there came a company to mourn and howl with her: Though I confess I could not much condole with them. Many sorrowful days I had in this place; often getting alone, *like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove, mine eyes fail with looking upward. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me. Isa. 38. 14.* I could tell the Lord as *Hezekiah, Ver. 3. Remember now O Lord, I beseech thee, how I have walked before thee in truth.* Now had I time to examine all my ways: My conscience did not accuse me of unrighteousness towards one or another; yet I saw how in my walk with God, I had been a careless creature. As *David said, against thee only have I sinned.* And I might say with the poor publican, *God be merciful unto me a sinner.* Upon the Sabbath days I could look upon the sun, and think how people were going to the house of God to have their souls refresh'd, and then home and their bodies also; but I was destitute of both, and might say as the poor prodigal, *He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him. Luke 15. 16.* For I must say with him, *Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. Ver. 21.* I remember how on the night before and after the Sabbath; when my family was about me, and relations and neighbours

with us ; we could pray, and sing, and refresh our bodies with the good creatures of God, and then have a comfortable bed to lie down on ; but instead of all this, I had only a little swill for the body, and then like a swine, must lie down on the ground. I cannot express to man, the sorrow that lay upon my spirit, the Lord knows it. Yet that comfortable scripture would often come to my mind, *For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.*

THE FOURTEENTH REMOVE.

Now must we pack up and be gone from this thicket, bending our course towards the bay-towns. I having nothing to eat by the way this day, but a few crumbs of cake, that an *Indian* gave my girl, the same day we were taken. She gave it me, and I put it in my pocket : There it lay, till it was so mouldy (for want of good baking) that one could not tell what it was made of ; it fell all into crumbs, and grew so dry and hard, that it was like little flints ; and this refreshed me many times, when I was ready to faint. It was in my thoughts when I put it to my mouth, that if ever I returned, I would tell the world what a blessing the Lord gave to such mean food. As we went along, they killed a deer, with a young one in her ; they gave me a piece of the fawn, and it was so young and tender,

that one might eat the bones as well as the flesh, and yet I thought it very good. When night came on, we sat down: it rained, but they quickly got up a bark wigwam, where I lay dry that night. I looked out in the morning, and many of them had lien in the rain all night, I knew by their reaking. Thus the Lord dealt mercifully with me many times, and I fared better than many of them. In the morning they took the blood of the deer, and put it into the paunch, and so boiled it: I could eat nothing of that, though they eat it sweetly. And yet they were so nice in other things, that when I had fetch'd water, and had put the dish I dip'd the water with into the kettle of water which I brought, they would say they would knock me down, for they said it was a sluttish trick.



THE FIFTEENTH REMOVE.

WE went on our travel. I having got a handful of ground-nuts, for my support that day: They gave me my load, and I went on cheerfully (with the thoughts of going homeward) having my burthen more upon my back than my spirit. We came to *Baquaug* river again that day, near which we abode a few days. Sometimes one of them would give me a pipe, another a little tobacco, another a little salt, which I would change for victuals. I cannot but think what a wolvisish appetite persons

have in a starving condition ; for many times, when they gave me that which was hot, I was so greedy, that I should burn my mouth, that it would trouble me many hours after, and yet I should quickly do the like again. And after I was thoroughly hungry, I was never again satisfied. For though it sometimes fell out that I had got enough, and did eat till I could eat no more ; yet I was as unsatisfied as I was when I began. And now could I see that scripture verified, there being many scriptures that we do not take notice of, or understand till we are afflicted, *Mic. 6. 14. Thou shalt eat and not be satisfied.* Now might I see more than ever before, the miseries that sin hath brought upon us. Many times I should be ready to run out against the heathen, but that scripture would quiet me again, *Amos 3. 6. Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?* The Lord help me to make a right improvement of his word, and that I might learn that great lesson, *Mic. 6. 8, 9. He hath shewed thee, O man what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.*



THE SIXTEENTH REMOVE.

WE began this remove with wading over *Ba-quaug* river. The water was up to our knees, and the stream very swift, and so cold, that I thought

it would have cut me in sunder. I was so weak and feeble, that I reeled as I went along, and thought there I must end my days at last, after my bearing and getting through so many difficulties. The *Indians* stood laughing to see me staggering along, but in my distress, the Lord gave me experience of the truth and goodness of that promise, *Isa. 43. 2.* *When thou passeth through the water, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.* Then I sat down to put on my stockings and shoes, with the tears running down my eyes, and many sorrowful thoughts in my heart. But I got up to go along with them. Quickly there came up to us an *Indian* who informed them that I must go to *Wachusset** to my master, for there was a letter come from the council to the *Saggamores* about redeeming the captives, and that there would be another in 14 days, and that I must be there ready. My heart was so heavy before, that I could scarce speak, or go in the path; and yet now so light that I could run. My strength seemed to come again, and to recruit my feeble knees and aching heart; yet it pleased them to go but one mile that night, and there we stayed two days. In that time came a company of *Indians* to us, near thirty, all on horse-back. My heart skipt within me, thinking they had been *Englishmen*, at the

* Princeton. The mountain in this town still retains the name of Wachusset, notwithstanding a recent attempt to change it to Mount Adams.

first sight of them: For they were dressed in *English* apparel, with hats, white neckcloths, and sashes about their waists, and ribbons upon their shoulders: But when they came near, there was a vast difference between the lovely faces of christians, and the foul looks of those heathen, which much damped my spirits again.

THE SEVENTEENTH REMOVE.

A COMFORTABLE remove it was to me, because of my hopes. They gave me my pack and along we went cheerfully; but quickly my will proved more than my strength; having little or no refreshment, my strength failed, and my spirits were almost quite gone. Now may I say as *David, Psal.* 109. 22, 23, 24. *I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like a shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down like the locust; My knees are weak through fasting and my flesh faileth of fatness.* At night we came to an *Indian* town, and the *Indians* sat down by a wigwam discoursing, but I was almost spent and could scarce speak. I laid down my load, and went into the wigwam, and there sat an *Indian* boiling of horse-feet (they being wont to eat the flesh first, and when the feet were old and dried, and they had nothing else, they would cut off the feet and use them) I asked him to give me a little of his

broth, or water they were boiling in; He took a dish and gave me one spoonful of samp, and bid me take as much of the broth as I would. Then I put some of the hot water to the samp, and drank it up, and my spirits came again. He gave me also a piece of the ruffe, or ridding of the small guts, and I broiled it on the coals, and now I may say with *Jonathan, see I pray you, how mine eyes are enlightened because I tasted a little of this honey.* 1 Sam. 14. 20. Now is my spirit revived again: though means be never so inconsiderable, yet if the Lord bestow his blessing upon them, they shall refresh both soul and body.



THE EIGHTEENTH REMOVE.

WE took up our packs, and along we went. But a wearisome day I had of it. As we went along, I saw an *Englishman* stripped naked, and lying dead upon the ground, but knew not who he was. Then we came to another *Indian* town, where we stayed all night. In this town there were four *English* children captives, and one of them my own sister's. I went to see how she did, and she was well, considering her captive condition. I would have tarried that night with her, but they that owned her would not suffer it. Then I went to another wigwam, where they were boiling corn and beans, which was a lovely sight to see, but I could not get a taste thereof. Then I went into another wigwam,

where there were two of the *English* children: The squaw was boiling horses' feet, she cut me off a little piece, and gave one of the *English* children a piece also. Being very hungry, I had quickly eat up mine; but the child could not bite it, it was so tough and sinewy, and lay sucking, knawing, and slabbering of it in the mouth and hand, then I took it of the child, and eat it myself, and savory it was to my taste. That I may say as *Job, Chap. 6. 7. The things that my soul refuseth to touch, are as my sorrowful meat.* Thus the Lord made that pleasant and refreshing, which another time would have been an abomination. Then I went home to my mistress' wigwam, and they told me I disgraced my master with begging, and if I did so any more, they would knock me on the head: I told them they had as good do that as starve me to death.



THE NINETEENTH REMOVE.

THEY said when we went out, that we must travel to *Wachuset* this day. But a bitter weary day I had of it, travelling now three days together, without resting any day between. At last, after many weary steps, I saw *Wachuset* hills, but many miles off. Then we came to a great swamp, through which we travelled up to our knees in mud and water, which was heavy going to one tired before. Being almost spent, I thought I should have sunk

down at last, and never got out ; but I may say as in *Psalm* 94. 18. *When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.*—Going along, having indeed my life, but little spirit, *Philip* (who was in the company) came up, and took me by the hand, and said *Two weeks more and you shall be mistress again.* I asked him if he spoke true ? he said yes, and quickly you shall come to your master again, who had been gone from us three weeks. After many weary steps, we came to *Wachusset*, where he was, and glad was I to see him. He asked me when I washed me ? I told him not this month ; then he fetched me some water himself, and bid me wash, and gave me a glass to see how I look'd, and bid his Squaw give me something to eat. So she gave me a mess of beans and meat, and a little ground-nut cake. I was wonderfully revived with this favour showed me. *Psalm* 106. 46. *He made them also to be pitied of all those that carried them away captive.*

My master had three Squaws, living sometimes with one and sometimes with another. Onux, this old Squaw at whose wigwam I was, and with whom my master had been these three weeks : Another was Wettimore, with whom I had lived and served all this while. A severe and proud dame she was ; bestowing every day in dressing herself near as much time as any of the gentry of the land : Powdering her hair and painting her face, going with her necklaces, with jewels in her ears, and bracelets upon her hands. When she had dressed her-

self, her work was to make girdles of wampum and beads. The third Squaw was a younger one, by whom he had two Papooses. By that time I was refreshed by the old Squaw, Wettimore's maid came to call me home, at which I fell a weeping. Then the old Squaw told me, to encourage me, that when I wanted victuals, I should come to her, and that I should lie in her wigwam. Then I went with the maid, and quickly I came back and lodged there. The Squaw laid a mat under me, and a good rug over me; the first time that I had any such kindness shewed me. I understood that Wettimore thought, that if she should let me go and serve with the old Squaw, she should be in danger to lose (not only my service) but the redemption-pay also. And I was not a little glad to hear this; being by it raised in my hopes, that in God's due time, there would be an end of this sorrowful hour. Then came an *Indian* and asked me to knit him three pair of stockings, for which I had a hat and a silk handkerchief. Then another asked me to make her a shift, for which she gave me an apron.

Then came *Tom* and *Peter* with the second letter from the council, about the captives. Though they were *Indians*, I gat them by the hand, and burst out into tears; my heart was so full that I could not speak to them; but recovering myself, I asked them how my husband did? and all my friends and acquaintance? they said they were well, but very melancholy. They brought me two

biskets, and a pound of tobacco ; the tobacco I soon gave away : When it was all gone one asked me to give him a pipe of tobacco, I told him it was all gone ; then he began to rant and threaten ; I told him when my husband came, I would give him some : Hang him, rogue, says he, I will knock out his brains, if he comes here. And then again at the same breath, they would say, that if there should come an hundred without guns they would do them no hurt. So unstable and like madmen they were. So that fearing the worst, I durst not send to my husband, though there were some thoughts of his coming to redeem and fetch me, not knowing what might follow ; for there was little more trust to them than to the master they served. When the letter was come, the Saggamores met to consult about the captives, and called me to them, to enquire how much my husband would give to redeem me : When I came I sat down among them, as I was wont to do, as their manner is : Then they bid me stand up, and said they were the general court. They bid me speak what I thought he would give. Now knowing that all that we had was destroyed by the *Indians*, I was in a great strait. I thought if I should speak of but a little, it would be slighted and hinder the matter ; if of a great sum, I knew not where it would be procured ; yet at a venture, I said twenty pounds, yet desired them to take less ; but they would not hear of that, but sent the message to *Boston*, that for twenty pounds

I should be redeemed. It was a praying *Indian* that wrote their letters for them. There was another praying *Indian*, who told me that he had a brother, that would not eat horse, his conscience was so tender and scrupulous, though as large as hell for the destruction of poor christians, then he said, he read that scripture to him, 2 *Kings* 6. 25. *There was a famine in Samaria, and behold they besieged it, untill an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a kab of dove's dung, for five pieces of silver.* He expounded this place to his brother, and shewed him that it was lawful to eat that in a famine, which it is not at another time. And now says he, he will eat horse with any *Indian* of them all. There was another praying *Indian*, who when he had done all the mischief that he could, betrayed his own father into the *English's* hands, thereby to purchase his own life. Another praying *Indian* was at *Sudbury* fight, though as he deserved, he was afterwards hanged for it. There was another praying *Indian*, so wicked and cruel, as to wear a string about his neck, strung with christian fingers. Another praying *Indian*, when they went to *Sudbury* fight, went with them, and his Squaw also with him, with her Papoos at her back:* Before they went to that

* These remarks of Mrs. Rowlandson are no doubt just. The praying Indians, after all, take them as a class, made but sorry christians. More comfortable dwellings, a few blankets every year, some small privileges, and a little increase, for the time, of personal consideration, were motives sufficiently strong to induce savages to change their religious faith, which at best hung but very loosely about them.

fight, they got a company together to powow: The manner was as followeth.

There was one that kneeled upon a deer-skin, with the company around him in a ring, who kneeled, striking upon the ground with their hands, and with sticks, and muttering or humming with their mouths. Besides him who kneeled in the ring, there also stood one with a gun in his hand: Then he on the deer-skin made a speech, and all manifested assent to it, and so they did many times together. Then they bid him with a gun go out of the ring, which he did; but when he was out, they called him in again; but he seemed to make a stand: Then they called the more earnestly, till he turned again. Then they all sang. Then they gave him two guns, in each hand one. And so he on the deer-skin began again; and at the end of every sentence in his speaking, they all assented, and humming or muttering with their mouths, and striking upon the ground with their hands. Then they bid him with the two guns go out of the ring again: which he did a little way. Then they called him again, but he made a stand, so they called him with greater earnestness: But he stood reeling and wavering, as if he knew not whether he should stand or fall, or which way to go. Then they called him with exceeding great vehemency, all of them, one and another. After a little while he turned in staggering as he went, with his arms stretched out, in each hand a gun. As soon as he came in, they all sang and rejoiced exceedingly a while, and then he upon the

deer-skin made another speech, unto which they all assented in a rejoicing manner; and so they ended their business, and forthwith went to *Sudbury* fight.*

To my thinking, they went without any scruple but that they should prosper, and gain the victory. And they went out not so rejoicing, but they came home with as great a victory. For they said they killed two captains and almost an hundred men. One *Englishman* they brought alive with them, and he said it was too true, for they had made sad work at *Sudbury*; as indeed it proved. Yet they came home without that rejoicing and triumphing over their victory, which they were wont to shew at other times: But rather like dogs (as they say) which have lost their ears.

* *Sudbury* was attacked 18th April. Capt. Wadsworth, who with fifty men was marching to protect *Marlborough*, learning that the Indians were near *Sudbury*, changed his route and went there, where he fought a desperate battle with 500 Indians; and it is generally stated that not one of Wadsworth's men escaped. A monument (which may now be seen) was erected on the ground where this catastrophe happened, by President Wadsworth, of *Harvard College*, son of the captain. It stands to the west of *Sudbury* causeway, about a quarter of a mile from the road, and bears the following inscription:—

“Capt. Samuel Wadsworth, of *Milton*—his Lt. Sharpe, of *Brookline*—Capt. Brocklebank, of *Rowley*, with about twenty-six other soldiers, fighting for the defence of their country, were slain by the Indian enemy, April 18th, 1676, and lie buried at this place.”

The *twenty-six* men were all, probably, whose bodies were found. Holmes (Vol. i, p. 429) says fifty at least were killed. It was Capt. Wadsworth who saved *Lancaster* from entire ruin after it was attacked by the Indians. He was then at *Marlborough*, and hearing of the situation of *Lancaster*, pressed on with forty men, and dispersed the Indians, who were making great plunder in various parts of the town.

Yet I could not perceive that it was for their own loss of men; they said they lost not above five or six; and I missed none, except in one wigwam. When they went they acted as if the devil had told them that they should gain the victory, and now they acted as if the devil had told them they should have a fall. Whether it were so or no, I cannot tell, but so it proved; For they quickly began to fall, and so held on that summer, till they came to utter ruin. They came home on a sabbath day, and the pawaw that kneeled upon the deer-skin, came home I may say without any abuse as black as the devil. When my master came home, he came to me and bid me make a shirt for his Papoos, of a Holland laced pillowbeer. About that time there came an *Indian* to me, and bid me come to his wigwam at night, and he would give me some pork and ground-nuts. Which I did, and as I was eating, another *Indian* said to me, he seems to be your good friend but he killed two *Englishmen* at *Sudbury*, and there lie the cloathes behind you; I looked behind me, and there I saw bloody cloathes, with bullet-holes in them; yet the Lord suffered not this wretch to do me any hurt, yea, instead of that, he many times refresh'd me: Five or six times did he and his Squaw refresh my feeble carcass. If I went to their wigwam at any time, they would always give me something, and yet they were strangers that I never saw before. Another Squaw gave me a piece of fresh pork, and a little salt with it, and lent me her frying pan to fry it; and I cannot but remember what

a sweet, pleasant, and delightful relish that bit had to me, to this day. So little do we prize common mercies, when we have them to the full.



THE TWENTIETH REMOVE.

It was their usual manner to remove, when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out; and so they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great wigwam, big enough to hold an hundred *Indians*, which they did in preparation to a great day of dancing. They would now say among themselves, that the governor* would be so angry for his loss at *Sudbury*, that he would send no more about the captives, which made me grieve and tremble. My sister† being not far from this place, and hearing that I was here, desired her master to let her come and see me, and he was willing to it, and would come with her; but she being ready first, told him she would go before, and was come within a mile or two of the place: Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad, and made her go back again in the rain: So that I never saw her till I saw her in *Charlestown*, but the Lord requited many of their ill doings, for this *Indian* her master, was hanged afterwards at *Boston*.‡ They began now

* Leverett.

† Mrs. Drew.

‡ Mrs. Drew's master, (probably Saggamore Sam of Nashaway) was executed in Boston, "at the town's end," Sept. 26, 1676. The Saggamore of Quoboag, and old Jethro, were executed at the same time.

to come from all quarters, against their merry dancing day : Amongst some of them came one good-wife *Kettle* : I told her my heart was so heavy that it was ready to break : So is mine too, said she, but yet I hope we shall hear some good news shortly. I could hear how earnestly my sister desired to see me, and I earnestly desired to see her ; yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My daughter was now but a mile off ; and I had not seen her for nine or ten weeks, as I had not seen my sister since our first taking. I desired them to let me go and see them, yea I entreated, begged, and persuaded them to let me see my daughter : and yet so hard hearted were they, that they would not suffer it. They made use of their tyrannical power whilst they had it, but through the Lord's wonderful mercy, their time was now but short.

On a Sabbath-day, the sun being about an hour high in the afternoon, came Mr. *John Hoar* (the council permitting him, and his own forward spirit inclining him) together with the two fore-mentioned *Indians, Tom and Peter*, with the third letter from the council. When they came near, I was abroad ; they presently called me in, and bid me sit down and not stir. Then they catched up their guns and away they ran, as if an enemy had been at hand, and the guns went off apace. I manifested some great trouble, and asked them what was the matter ? I told them I thought they had killed the *Englishman* (for they had in the meantime told me that an *Englishman* was come ;) they said no ; they shot

over his horse, and under, and before his horse, and they pushed him this way and that way, at their pleasure, shewing him what they could do. Then they let him come to their wigwams. I begged of them to let me see the *Englishman*, but they would not; but there was I fain to sit their pleasure. When they had talked their fill with him, they suffered me to go to him. We asked each other of our welfare, and how my husband did, and all my friends? He told me they were all well, and would be glad to see me. Among other things which my husband sent me, there came a pound of *tobacco*, which I sold for nine shillings in money: For many of them for want of *tobacco*, smoked *hemlock*, and *ground-ivy*. It was a great mistake in any who thought I sent for *tobacco*, for through the favour of God that desire was overcome. I now asked them whether I should go home with Mr. *Hoar*? They answered no, one and another of them, and it being late, we lay down with that answer: in the morning Mr. *Hoar* invited the *Saggamores* to dinner; but when we went to get it ready, we found they had stolen the greatest part of the provisions Mr. *Hoar* had brought. And we may see the wonderful power of God, in that one passage, in that when there was such a number of them together, and so greedy of a little good food, and no *English* there but Mr. *Hoar* and myself, that there they did not knock us on the head, and take what we had; there being not only some provision, but

also trading cloth, a part of the 20 pounds agreed upon : But instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the fact, and said it was the *Matchit* Indians* that did it. Oh that we could believe that there was nothing too hard for God. God shewed his power over the heathen in this, as he did over the hungry *lions*, when *Daniel* was cast into the *den*. Mr. *Hoar* called them betime to dinner, but they ate but little, they being so busy in dressing themselves and getting ready for their dance : which was carried on by eight of them, four men and four Squaws ; my master and mistress being two. He was dressed in his Holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters hung round with *shillings*, and had girdles of *wampom* upon his head and shoulders. She had a kersey coat, covered with girdles of *wampom* from the loins upward. Her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with bracelets, there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings, and white shoes, her hair powdered, and her face painted red, that was always before black. And all the dancers were after the same manner. There were two others singing and knocking on a kettle for their musick. They kept hopping up and down one after another, with a kettle of water in the midst, standing warm upon some *embers*, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till almost night, throw-

* Wicked.

ing out their *wampom* to the standers-by. At night I asked them again, if I should go home? they all as one said no, except my husband would come for me. When we were lain down, my master went out of the wigwam, and by and by sent in an *Indian* called *James the printer*, who told Mr. *Hoar*, that my master would let me go home to-morrow, if he would let him have one pint of liquor. Then Mr. *Hoar* called his own *Indians*, *Tom and Peter*, and bid them all go and see if he would promise it before them three; and if he would he should have it, which he did and had it. *Philip* smelling the business, called me to him, and asked me what I would give him, to tell me some good news, and to speak a good word for me, that I might go home to-morrow? I told him I could not tell what to give him, I would any thing I had, and asked him what he would have? He said two coats, and 20 *shillings* in money, half a bushel of seed corn, and some tobacco. I thanked him for his love, but I knew that good news as well as that crafty fox. My master after he had his drink, quickly came ranting into the *wigwam* again, and called for Mr. *Hoar*, drinking to him and saying he was a good man, and then again he would say, hang him a rogue. Being almost drunk he would drink to him, and yet presently say he should be hanged. Then he called for me; I trembled to hear him, and yet I was fain to go to him; and he drank to me, shewing no incivility. He was the first *Indian* I saw drunk, all

the time I was among them. At last his Squaw ran out, and he after her, round the wigwam, with his money jingling at hts knees, but she escaped him ; but having an old Squaw, he ran to her, and so through the Lord's mercy we were no more troubled with him, that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest ; for I think I can say I did not sleep for three nights together. The night before the letter came from the council, I could not rest, I was so full of fears and troubles ; yea, at this time I could not rest night nor day. The next night I was overjoyed, Mr. *Hoar* being come, and that with such good tidings. The third night I was even swallowed up with the thoughts of going home again ; and that I must leave my children behind me in the wilderness ; so that sleep was now almost departed from mine eyes.

On Tuesday morning they called their *General Court* (as they stiled it) to consult and determine whether I should go home or no. And they all seemingly consented that I should go, except *Philip*, who would not come among them.

But before I go any farther, I would take leave to mention a few remarkable passages of Providence, which I took special notice of in my afflicted time.

1. Of the fair opportunity lost in the long march, a little after the fort fight, when our *English* army was so numerous, and in pursuit of the enemy, and so near as to overtake several and destroy them ; and the euemy in such distresss for food, that our

men might track them by their rooting the ground for ground-nuts, whilst they were flying for their lives: I say, that then our army should want provisions, and be obliged to leave their pursuit, and turn homeward, and the very next week the enemy came upon our town, like bears bereft of their whelps, or so many ravenous wolves, rending us and our lambs to death. But what shall I say? God seemed to leave his people to themselves, and ordered all things for his own holy ends. *Shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it? They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph, therefore they shall go captive, with the first that go captive. It is the Lord's doing, and it should be marvellous in our eyes.*

2. I cannot but remember, how the *Indians* derided the slowness and the dulness of the *English* army in its sitting out. For after the desolations at *Lancaster* and *Medfield*, as I went along with them, they asked me when I thought the *English* army would come after them? I told them I could not tell. It may be they will come in *May*, said they; thus they did scoff at us, as if the *English* would be a quarter of a year getting ready.

3. Which also I have hinted before, when the *English* army with new supplies were sent forth to pursue after the enemy, and they understanding it, fled before them till they came to *Baquaug* river, where they forthwith went over safely; that the river should be impassable to the *English*. I can-

not but admire to see the wonderful providence of God, in preserving the Heathen for further affliction to our poor country. They could go in great numbers over, but the *English* must stop: God had an over-ruling hand in all those things.

4. It was thought, if their corn were cut down, they would starve and die with hunger; and all that could be found was destroyed, and they driven from that little they had in store, into the woods, in the midst of winter; and yet how to admiration did the Lord preserve them for his holy ends, and the destruction of many still among the *English*! Strangely did the Lord provide for them, that I did not see (all the time I was among them) one man, woman or child die with hunger. Though many times they would eat that that a hog would hardly touch; yet by that God strengthened them to be a scourge to his people.

Their chief and commonest food was ground-nuts, they eat also nuts and acorns, artichokes, lilly roots, ground beans, and several other weeds and roots that I know not.

They would pick up old bones, and cut them in pieces at the joints, and if they were full of worms and maggots, they would scald them over the fire, to make the vermine come out, and then boil them, and drink up the liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a mortar, and so eat them. They would eat horses' guts, and ears, and all sorts of wild birds which they could catch: Also bear, ve-

nison, beavers, tortoise, frogs, squirrels, dogs, skunks, rattle-snakes: Yea the very bark of trees; besides all sorts of creatures, and provisions which they plundered from the *English*; I can but stand in admiration to see the wonderful power of God, in providing for such a vast number of our enemies in the wilderness where there was nothing to be seen, but from hand to mouth. Many times in the morning, the generality of them would eat up all they had, and yet have some farther supply against they wanted. But now our perverse and evil carriages in the sight of the Lord, have so offended him, that instead of turning his hand against them, the Lord feeds and nourishes them up to be a scourge to the whole land.

5. Another thing that I would observe is, the strange providence of God in turning things about when the *Indians* were at the highest, and the *English* at the lowest. I was with the enemy eleven weeks and five days,* and not one week passed without their fury and some desolation by fire or sword upon one place or other. They mourned for their own losses, yet triumphed and rejoiced in their inhuman and develish cruelty to the *English*. They would boast much of their victories; saying, that in two hours time, they had destroyed such a captain and his company, in such a place; And boast how many towns they had destroyed, and then scoff, and say, they had done them a good

* Viz. from Feb. 10 to May 2d or 3d.

turn, to send them to heaven so soon. Again they would say, this summer they would knock all the rogues on the head, or drive them into the sea, or make them fly the country ; thinking surely, *Agag-like, The bitterness of death is past.* Now the heathen begin to think all is their own ; and the poor christians' hopes fail (as to man) and now their eyes are more to God, and their hearts sigh heaven-ward, and they say in good earnest, *Help Lord, or we perish.* When the Lord had brought his people to this, that they saw no help in any thing but himself, then he takes the quarrel into his own hand ; and tho' they had made a pit as deep as hell for the christians that summer, yet the Lord hurled themselves into it. And the Lord had not so many ways before to preserve them but now he hath as many to destroy them.

But to return again to my going home ; where we may see a remarkable change of providence : At first they were all against it, except my husband would come for me ; but afterward they assented to it, and seemed to rejoice in it : Some asking me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarf to ride in : Not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desires, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels an *Indian* came to me, and told me, if I were willing he and his Squaw would run away, and go home

along with me. I told them no, I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time that I might go home quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experiences that I have had: I have been in the midst of those roaring lions, and savage bears, that feared neither God, nor man, nor the devil, by night and day, alone and in company; sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered the least abuse of unchastity to me in word or action. Though some are ready to say, I speak it for my own credit; but I speak it in the presence of God, and to his glory. God's power is as great now, as it was to save *Daniel* in the lion's den, or the three children in the fiery furnace. Especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies, and not a dog move his tongue. So I took my leave of them and in coming along, my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun's going down, Mr. *Hoar*, myself, and the two *Indians*, came to *Lancaster*, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years among my relations and neighbours; and now not one christian to be seen, or one house left standing. We went on to a farm house that was yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw

to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon we came to *Concord*. Now was I full of joy and yet not without sorrow: Joy, to see such a lovely sight, so many christians together, and some of them my neighbours: There I met with my brother, and brother-in-law,* who asked me, if I knew where his wife was? poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not; she being shot down by the house, was partly burnt, so that those who were at *Boston* at the desolation of the town, came back afterward and buried the dead, did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children among the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received; and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment, we went to *Boston* that day, where I met with my dear husband; but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort in each other. I was not before so much hem'd in by the merciless and cruel heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender-hearted, and compassionate christians. In that poor and beggarly condition, I was received in, I was kindly entertained in several houses: So much love I received from several (many of whom I knew not) that I am not capable

* Capt. Kerley.

to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name ; the Lord reward them seven fold into their bosoms of his spirituals, for their temporals. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some *Boston* gentlewomen, and Mr. *Usher*, [Hezekiah ?*] whose bounty and charity I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. *Thomas Shepard*† of *Charlestown*, received us into his house, where we continued eleven weeks ; and a father and mother they were unto us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart, for our poor children and other relations, who were still in affliction. The week following, after my coming in, the governor and council sent to the *Indians* again, and that not without success ; for they brought in my sister and goodwife *Kettle*. Their not knowing where our children were, was a sore trial to us still ; and yet we were not without secret hopes of seeing them again. That which was dead lay heavier upon my spirits, than those which were alive among the heathen ; thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was not able to relieve it, and how it was buried by the heathen in the wilderness from among all christians. We were hur]

* There was *John Usher*, a book-seller, who lived in *Boston* at that time. The same *John*, it seems, was the treasurer during *Andros*' administration. The annotator has in his possession several receipts, &c. in the hand writing of *John*.

† Mr. *Shepard* was the Minister of *Charlestown*.

ried up and down in our thoughts, sometimes we should hear a report that they were gone this way and sometimes that; and that they were come in in this place or that; we kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the council had ordered a day of publick thanksgiving, though I had still cause of mourning; and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride eastward, to see if we could hear anything concerning our children. As we were riding along between *Ipswich* and *Rowley*, we met with *William Hubbard*,* who told us our son *Joseph*, and my sister's son, were come into major *Waldren's*; † I asked him how he knew it? He said the major himself told him so. So along we went till we come to *Newbury*; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanksgiving for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but he would go over to *Salisbury*, to hear farther, and come again in the morning, which he did, and preached there

* This may have been Rev. William Hubbard, author of the Narrative of the Indian Wars and a History of New-England.

† Major Richard Waldron, of Dover, New-Hampshire. He came to this country about the year 1635, was distinguished as a brave soldier and a worthy man. For twenty-five successive years he represented Dover in the General Court, and was sometime speaker of the House, in Boston, where the Assembly of the *then* United Provinces was holden. On the separation of the provinces, in 1679, he was appointed by the king one of the Council, and for a year and a half was at the head of the government. He was also Chief Justice of the Court. He performed the duties of his several offices with ability. He was murdered by the Indians at Dover, June 27, 1689, aged 80 years.

that day. At night when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come into *Providence*: Here was mercy on both hands. Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west; our son being nearest, we went to him first, to *Portsmouth*, where we met with him, and with the major also: who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under seven pounds, which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labour of love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other: Going back thro' *Newbury*, my husband preached there on the Sabbath-day, for which they rewarded him manifold.

On Monday we came to *Charlestown*, where we heard that the governor of *Rhode-Island* had sent over for our daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should not pass without our acknowledgements. But she being nearer *Rehoboth* than *Rhode-Island*, Mr. *Newman** went over and took care of her, and brought her to his own house. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that he raised up compassionate friends on every side, when we had nothing to recompence any for their love. The

* Probably Rev. Noah Newman of Rehoboth, who died 16th April 1678.

Indians were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her; but the carts which carried provision to the *English* army, being guarded, brought her with them to *Dorchester*, where we received her safe; blessed be the Lord for it. Her coming in was after this manner: She was travelling one day with the *Indians*, with her basket at her back; the company of *Indians* were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one Squaw. She followed the Squaw till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, nor under them but the earth. Thus she travelled three days together, having nothing to eat or drink but water and green hirtle-berries. At last they came into *Providence*, where she was kindly entertained by several of that town. The *Indians* often said, that I should never have her under twenty pounds, but now the Lord hath brought her in upon free cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord make us a blessing indeed to each other. Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of the horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate christians. 'Tis the desire of my soul, that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

Our family being now gathered together, the *South* church in *Boston* hired an house for us: Then we removed from Mr. *Shepard's* (those cordial friends) and went to *Boston*, where we contin-

ued about three quarters of a year ;* still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us. I thought it somewhat strange to set up house-keeping with bare walls, but as *Solomon* says, *money answers all things* : and this we had through the benevolence of christian friends, some in this town, and some in that, and others, and some from *England*, that in a little time we might look and see the house furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home, nor other necessaries, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those towards us, that we wanted neither food nor raiment for ourselves or ours. *Pro. 18. 24. There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.* And how many such friends have we found, and now living among us ! And truly such a friend have we found him to be unto us, in whose house we lived, *viz. Mr. James Whitcomb*, a friend near hand and far off.

I can remember the time, when I used to sleep quietly without working in my thoughts, whole nights together ; but now it is otherwise with me : When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but his who ever awaketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensations of the Lord towards us ; upon his wonderful power and might in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety, and suffering none to hurt us.

* Till May, 1677.

I remember in the night season, how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me: It was then hard work to persuade myself, that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the wheat and (as I may say) with *honey out of the rock*: Instead of the *husks* we have the *fat calf*: The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God towards us, make it true of me, what *David* said of himself, *Psal. 6. 6. I water my couch with my tears.* O the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

I have seen the extreme vanity of this world: One hour I have been in health, and wealth, wanting nothing, but the next hour in sickness, and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction. Before I knew what affliction meant I was ready sometimes to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of this world about me, my relations by me, and my heart cheerful, and taking little care for any thing; and yet seeing many (whom I preferred before myself) under many trials and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous lest I should have my portion in this life. But now I see the Lord had his time to scourge and hasten me. The portion of some is to have their

affliction by drops, but the *wine of astonishment*, like a *sweeping rain that leaveth no food*, did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had, full measure, pressed down and running over: Yet I see when God calls persons to never so many difficulties, yet he is able to carry them through, and make them say they have been gainers thereby, and I hope I can say, in some measure, as David, *it is good for me that I have been afflicted*. The Lord hath shewed me the vanity of these outward things; that they are the *vanities of vanities, and vexation of spirit*. That they are but a shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. If trouble from smaller matter begin to rise in me, I have something at hand to check myself with, and say, Why am I troubled? It was but the other day, that if I had the world, I would have given it for my freedom, or to have been a servant to a christian. I have learned to look beyond present and smaller troubles, and to be quieted under them, as *Moses* said, *Exod. 14. 13. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord*.

NOTE.

THE *particular route* pursued by the Indians when Mrs. Rowlandson was their captive, if ever distinctly known, has long ere this faded from memory, beyond the reach of tradition. In the narrative itself the subject is left in no little obscurity. Mighty forests then covered the intermediate space between the vallies of the Nashaway and of the Connecticut, and the country on the latter river, beyond the north line of Massachusetts Bay, was terra incognita at the era of Philip's war. What originally was difficult to discover, is not become less so by a lapse of one hundred and fifty-two years. Mrs. Rowlandson speaks of steep hills, and deep swamps; but the roads now lead round the one, and over the other; and hills and swamps are the *commonest* feature in New-England scenery. The whole land is strewed with populous villages.

Several years since, an erudite antiquary, a member of the Worcester County Historical Society, a society, by the way, which, if it had any lustre, shone with no borrowed light, was selected to ascertain Mrs. Rowlandson's route, and report at a subsequent meeting. No report has been made; and the *investigator*, in making his progress, may have fallen into one of those deep swamps, and be lost to all future good uses.

“A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old
Where armies whole have sunk.”

But even in these latter days the *outline* of Mrs. Rowlandson's course may be traced with some degree of probability, and this is the object of the remainder of this note.

On leaving Lancaster, Mrs. Rowlandson was carried the first night, by the Indians, to George Hill, that lies somewhat over a mile to the west of the town. Thence the direction pursued was, south-west to New-Braintree, (Wenimesset) thence north-west to Miller's (Baquag) River. On crossing this river the Indians continued to the north-west till they reached Connecticut River at Northfield (Squaukeag) near the north line of the State of Massachusetts. They travelled up the river Connecticut four or five miles, which brought them, probably, into New-Hampshire. This was at noon, March 2d. In the afternoon they pursued their course on the banks of the river till night. The next morning they crossed over to the Vermont shore. They went up the river five miles and then re-crossed into New-Hampshire. After this they continued up the Connecticut one whole day, "passing over tiresome and wearisome hills, and wading over a river." This, it is supposed, must be Cold River which empties into the Connecticut a little below Bellows Falls. It was in the morning that they forded Cold River. They pressed on to the north during the day. Their stopping place at night was probably as high up as the northerly part of Charlestown, now a beautiful village on the borders of the Connecticut. *This was the most northerly point of the route.*

In returning they went down the river five or ^{six}_{if} miles, then turned to the south-east in the direction of Wachuset Mountain, whither they were going, and "bending their course towards the Bay towns." The second day of their march brought them again to Miller's River, which they crossed considerably farther from its mouth than when they first crossed it in journeying north, and probably as far to the east as Orange or Athol. The next day's march brought

them to an Indian town. The following day they reached another Indian town ; and on the third arrived at Wachuset, now Princeton. After remaining there some days, Mrs. Rowlandson was redeemed from captivity, and passing through Lancaster, then a scene of desolation and wo, where her bright prospects of happiness had been so suddenly and awfully blasted, she went to Concord and thence to Boston.

One of the Indian towns mentioned pp. 50, 51, was *probably* Menimesseg. It will not do to speak *positively*, as the locality of that Indian settlement has never, it is believed, been ascertained.

APPENDIX.

It was not till after the publication of the fifth edition of Mrs. Rowlandson's Narrative that the publishers were made acquainted with the existence of a curious record of one of the freaks of Mr. Rowlandson's youth. They have copied from the Records of the Essex County Court the following documents—the alleged libel, and the subsequent letter of submission to the Court being in Mr. R.'s own hand-writing. These papers, it was thought, would form an interesting appendage to the Narrative of Mrs. Rowlandson, as illustrating the early character and propensities of her husband, and the spirit of the age in which he lived. The "scandalous lybell" charged against Mr. R. was written by him during his senior year at Harvard College and posted up on the meeting-house in Ipswich.

No. I of the following papers is the sentence of the Court, Mr. R. having it is presumed pleaded guilty to the charge. No. II and III compose the libel which appears to have given such offence. No. II was written on one side of the sheet, and No. III on the other—both in a hand-writing very much disguised from the natural hand of Mr. R. As

will be seen, the publick were desired after having perused the first part of the satire, to turn the sheet, and read the remainder. The words in brackets in No. III were partially scratched out, yet were legible. They probably contained the grossest part of the libel. John Rogers, William Hubbard, and others, testified to the Court that they could read these words when the placard was posted up, without any difficulty. No. IV is Mr. R's letter of submission to the Court, with a fac-similie of his signature. By No. V it seems that five years afterwards, while he was minister in Lancaster, the remainder of his fine was remitted.

NO. I.

At the Court held at Ipswich the 30th 7. 1651.

THE JUDGES

Jo : ENDECOT esquire, gour.

MR. SYMON BROADSTREETE

MR. SAMUEL SYMONDS

MAIOR DENYSON

CAPT. HATHORNE.

Joseph Rolinson for his great misdemenor in seting vp a scandalous lybell ! the sentance of ye court is that he shall be whipt vnlese he paye 5lb by wedensday come 3 weekes or be whipt the next Thursdaye and 5lb more when the court shall call for it, and to paye all charges 30s for the marshalls goeing with atachmt for him to Cambridge and Boston and fees of Court.

NO. II.

Gentlemen I beseech you looke heere and tell me truly have I not discharged my duty very well. I pray bee pleased to be informed further in a long tale of enuie pull me not downe I pray til all ye people haue sene mee and then turne mee.

O God from heauen looke thou downe
 Doe not thy seruants wonder
 To see thy honour so abused
 Thy truth so troden vnder.

The feete of proud malignant ones
 That loue to give despight
 And of those that are innocent
 To turne aside the right.

What could not enuie stopped bee
 Before it had thus gained
 Ouer the truth and what may bee
 By right of lawe mayntayned ?

What were not Rulers able to
 It totally expell
 Or had not they some might at least
 Its strength somewhat to quell ?

O blessed God why didest thou
 Thy rulers all restraine
 ffrom seeing enuie fully bent
 Its will for to mayntayne ?

O enuie hast thou thus preuayld
And is thy hand so high
That now Gods ordinance must bee
Proclaim'd a nullity ?

Did euer enuie thus preuayle
In any generation
Was euer such an act as this
Heard of in any nation ?

Were euer those that God made one
Deuided thus in sunder
Did euer enuie thus proceede
Good hearers stand and wonder ?

What men doe joyne it graunted is
Men may againe disseuer
But what the Lord conioynes in one
Disioyned may bee neuer

Whence comes it Enuie then that thou
Doest this day triumph make
And in the publick eares of all
This fundamentall stake ?

Tartarian sulphur had expell'd
Or totally obscured
The light that long time half was quell'd
In her conscience so inpured

And hence I enuie got the day
Her conscience so to seare
Til I at length had found a way
To put her out of fear

And so did I cause her to say
 Euen what it was I lyst
 Nor care beeing had vnto the truth
 Whether it hit or mist.

If enuie hath thus deceived thee O woman, and the allurements of thy pretended friends conspiring therewith, so brought thee to belye thy conscience as it is credibly reported heere in this towne wr I live that am so indifferent in the thing as indeed cannot bee otherwise being so remote from wr you live: then I doe profess that ye Court did well to free the poore man of his burthen and if I knew him I would certainly tell him so. More ouer me thinks I would tell him that he hath indeed done very ill to keep her so long from performing her promise to that same young-man so long agoe; which if I had knowledge of I could inform him punctually concerning I pray you therefore that reade this writing inform him of my name and direct him to the towne where I liue and I hope I may give him a little something for his further ease since I heare the Court hath proceeded so farre in that way already. In the meane time I have made bold to send this writing, which least it should miscarry his hands I did desire the bearer to set it up in publicke, that so he might not bee altogether vn-informed of our iudgment heer in this towne

By mee. JUSTICE PLEADER in the
 Towne of Conscience, 3000 miles
 distant from any place well neere
 in Newe-England

NO. III.

If I were as the man that is so cast I would indeede haue appealed to yt Court that only by the Lawes of America hath to doe in such cases namely ye court of assistants who haue ye sole-power to determine an undeterminable matter heerein by those that are meere parties but since it is past, I would earnestly appeale to the Court where God himself is Judge, and all the saints men and angels are assistants; whose throne is ye heaven of heavens; there the innocent shall be acquitted and those that now sing their enuious Trophe shall be lyable to answer for the horrible abuse of yr consciences in mis-informing and deluding those honored Judges that he hath upon earth substituted.

GENTLEMEN—If any seeme to be offended at my verdict, let it be given mee under his hand and I will doe the best satisfaction that the law requires if that serues not upon liberty of consideration for ye space of a quarter of an hour (the law afording twelue) for an appeale, I rather will lie downe vnder an vniust censure, than be troublesome especially if all my iudges be aturnyes of the opposite party: in the meane time I pray giue the Man whom this paper concerns the same libertie and I hope all will do well

Remember mee I pray to the Marshall of Ipswich and tell him that I heare he may be an honest man in the iudgment of charity: I pray send me word if he bee not a Hash-all as well as Marshall for I heare he is uery buisie in euerie bodies matters

I am a peacable sonne in Israell and am only some-wt moued beyound my wont or wr I commend in my-self or others by ye only remote heare-say of this present business a matter I doe belieue, the like whereof neuer was heard in any nation all this duely weighed.

God save the Governor and all the honored assistants and give them long to rule this people with the civil sword and that they may use the same in all bene-administration themselves alone [*turning out all associates which are able to corrupt justice bee ye cause neuer so good*] and that so they may do as they will answer the great Judge another day :

Good people honour your governor and Magistrates who are the ministers of God for good and I hope as this mans experience growes more sanctified hee will say they ministered good vnto him in taking away such a burthen that the Lord perhaps saw unsupportable for him

I heare there is one whom I think they call Dan Ross in that towne Ile assure you if it be he that I know he is a uery sneaking sycophant and I feare one whom God will deale seuerely with shortly : when he lived in our country a wet Eeles tayle and his word were something worth ye taking hold of



NO. IV.

Forasmuch as I Joseph Rowlandson through the suggestion of Satan, and the evil of my owne heart, by that being strongly attempted, by the depravation of this too facilly inclined to the perpretration of a fact whose nature was anomie, and circumstances enormities. And being not onely iustly suspected, but also having both an inward cogniscance of and an external call (by virtue of Lawful Authority before wch I was convented) to speake the truth or at least not to vtter the contrary. Yet notwithstanding to the Dishonour of God and discredit of his truth, and to the grief of the Godly and in fine the wounding of my owne conscience : did not hearken thereunto but rather to the equivocal delusions with which Satan did then beset mee not onely to the waving but also abnegation of the same.

In all which respects it seemed good to the foresayd Authority, before whom the foresayd convention was made to bind me over to this Present Honored Court to be Responsal for the same, and being accordingly Now called vnto the same by your Honored Worships; I humbly craue your fauorable Leaue to Declare as followeth, viz. That as concerning the writing which I so Rashly affixed vnto the Meetinghouse I do desire to abhorre myselfe for my extreme folly in so doing and I hope the Lord hath opened my eyes to see that in myselfe thereby that otherwise I might too Late have Lamented but not timously Repented of: But in particular I doe acknowledge that I did very sinfully in condemning that sentence judicially passed by your worships and putting contempt upon the coassors which it pleased this goverment to honour with power in a sentence with the Honoured Assistants, and likewise vsing certain scurrulous words of the Marshal—in all wch particulars I doe acknowledge and confesse that I did miserably abuse myselfe, and that weak measure of Knowledge which the Lord hath beene pleased to Bestow upon Mee, and that I did what I ought not to have done in yt respect. In which that which I very much Lament is that I have wronged your Honored worships and those officers for this Commonwealths good which are here constituted: But that which I much more lament is the Dishonour that hath thereby redounded to God as well by the writing it selfe as by that which most of all hath been a continual grieffe namely the abnegation of the same: For all which sinful offences I humbly craue pardon so farre as they concerne your Honored worships, and a Due consideration of wt vehement temptation I was vnder, which though I cannot Relate, yet I question not but your worships will consider: However I

confide vnto your worships pittie, and continved prayers
that this fall may be euerlasting gaine.

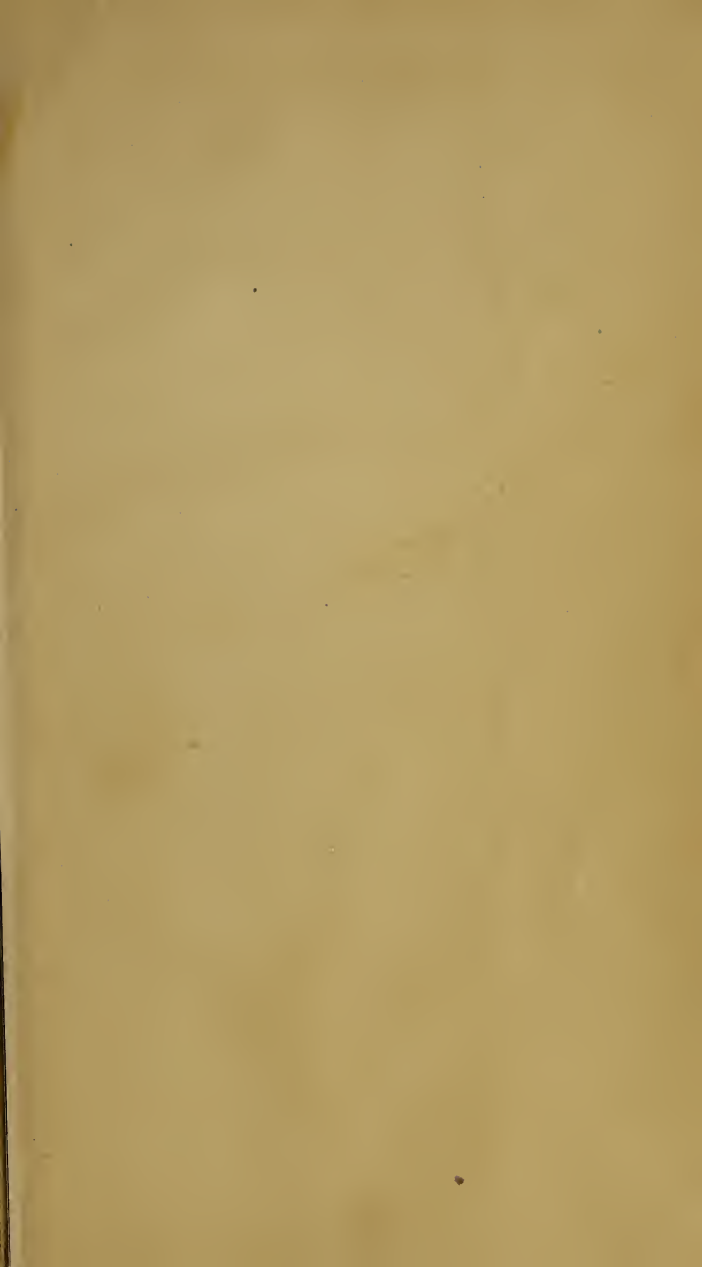
Sighned with my hand, attested vnto with my
heart

Joseph: Rowlandson.



NO. V.

At the Court held at Ipswich the 25th of March 1656
Joseph Rowlandson upon his petition the Court remitted
the remainder of his fine.





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